

THE PLEASANT  
HISTORY  
OF  
JOHN WINCHCOMB

In his younger years called

Jack of Newbery,

The Famous and worthy CLOTHIER  
of *England*; declaring his Life and Love: Together  
with his charitable deeds and great Hospitalities.

And how he set continually five hundred  
poor People at work, to the great benefit of the Com-  
mon-wealth: worthy to be read and regarded.

Now the Fourteenth time imprinted, cor-  
rected, and enlarged by, T. D.

*Haud curo invidiam.*

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Licensed and Entered according to Order.

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L O N D O N, Printed by *W. Wilde*, for *Thomas Passenger*,  
at the three Bibles on *London-Bridge*, and *William*  
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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

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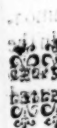
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T O A L L

Famous Cloath-workers in *England*, I  
With all happines of life, prosperity,  
and Brotherly Affection.

**A**Mong all manual Arts used in this Land, none is more famous for desert, or more beneficial to the Commonwealth, than is the most necessary Art of Cloathing. And therefore as the benefit thereof is great, so are the professors of the same to be both loved and maintained. Many Wise M E N therefore, having deeply considered the same, most bountifully have bestowed ~~their gifts for upholding of so excellent a commodity, which hath been, and yet is the nourishing~~ of many thousands of poor People. Wherefore, to you most worthy Clothiers do I dedicate this my rude Work, which hath raised out of the dust of forgetfulness a most famous and VVorthy Man, whose name was *John Winchcomb*, alias *Jack of Newbery*, of whose Life and Love I have briefly written, and in a plain and humble manner, that it may be the better understood of those for whose sakes I take pains to compile it, that is, for the well minded Clothiers, that herein they may behold the great worship and credit which men of this Trade have in former time come unto. If therefore it be of you kindly accepted, I have the end of my desire, and think my pains well recompenced: and finding your Gentleness answering my hope, it shall move me shortly to set to your sight the long hidden History of *Thomas of Redding*, *George of Gloucester*, *Richard of Worcester*, and *William of Salisbury*, with divers others,



D.

## CHAP. I.

After that Jack had long led this pleasant life, being (though he were but poor) in good estimation; it was his Masters chance to die, and his Dame to be a Widow, who was a very comely ancient Woman, & of a reasonable Wealth. Wherefore she, having a good opinion of her Man John, committed unto his government the guiding of all her Works-folks for the space of three years together: In which time, she found him so careful and diligent, that all things came forward and prosper'd wondrous well. No Man could induce him from

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## The pleasant History

his busines all the Week, by all the intreaty they could use: insomuch that in the end some of the wild youths of the Town begin to deride and scoff at him.

Doubtless quoth one, I doubt some female-spirit hath enchanted Jack to his treadles, and conjured him within the compasse of his Room, that he can stir no farther. You say truth, quoth Jack, and if you have the leisure to stay till the Charm be done, the space of six days and six nights, you shall find me ready to put on my holy-day apparel, and on Sunday morning for your pains, I will give you a Pot of Ale over against the May-pole. Nay, quoth another, I'll lay my Life, that as the Salamander cannot live without the Fire, so Jack cannot live without the smell of his Dances Snuff. And I marvel, quoth Jack, that you being of the nature of the Herring, (which I'd soon as he is taken out of the Sea, straight dies) can live so long with your Pole out of the pot. Nay Jack, leave thy jesting, quoth another, go along with us, thou shalt not stay a jot. And because I will not stay nor make you a Lye (quoth Jack) I'll keep me here still, and so farewell.

Thus then they departed, and after they had for half a score times teased him to this intent, and saw he would not be led by their lure, they left him to his own will. Nevertheless, every Sunday in the afternoon, and every holy-day, Jack would keep their company, and be as merry as a Pie, and having still good store of money in his purse, none of other would ever be borrowing of him, but never could he get penny of it again: which when Jack perceived, he would never after carry above twelve pence at once in his Purse, and that being spent, he would straight return home merrily, taking his leave of his company in this sort.

My Masters I thank you, 'tis time to pack home,  
And he that wants money is counted a Mome:  
And twelve pence a Sunday being spent in good chear,  
To fifty two shillings amounts in the year,  
Enough for a Crafts-man that live's by his hands;  
And he that exceeds it shall purchase no Lands,  
For that I spend this day, I'll workhard to morrow,  
For woe is that party that seeketh to borrow.  
My mony doth make me full merry to be,  
And without my money none careth for me;

Therefore

## of Jack of Nembery.

Therefore wanting Money, what should I do here;  
But hast home, and thank you all for my good cheere.

This was Jacks good Government and discretion noted of the best and substantiall, Men of the Town, so that it wrought his great commendation, and his Dame thought her self not a little blest to have such a Servant, that was so obedient unto her, and so careful for her profit, for she had never a Piersite that yielded her more obedience than he did, or was more dutifull: so that by his good example, he did as much good as by his diligent labour and travel: which his singular virtue being noted by the Widow, she began to cast very good countenance to her Man John, and to use very much talk with him in private: and first by way of communication: she would tell unto him what Sutors she had, and the great offers they made her, what gifts they sent her, and the great affection they bare her, creating his opinion in the matter.

When Jack found the labour to be his Dames Secretary, he thought it an extraordinary kindness: and guessing by the Pain it would prove a good Weib, began to question with his Dame in this sort. Although it becometh not me, your Servant, to pry into your secrets, nor to be kisse about matters of your Love: yet, forasmuch as it hath pleased you to use conference with me in those causes, I pray you let me intreat you to know their names that be your Suitors, and of what profession they be.

Mary John (said she) that you shall, and I pray thee take a cushion and sit down by me. Dame (quoth he) I thank you, but there is no reason I should sit on a Cushion till I have deserved it. If thou hast not thou mightest have done, said she: but saint Souldiers never find favour. John replied, that makes me indeed to want favour: for I durst not try. Maident, because they seem coy, nor Maids, for fear of their Husbands, nor Maids doubting their disdainfulness. Cuth John (quoth she) he that fears and doubts Woman-kind cannot be counted Man-kind: and take this for a principle, all things are not as they seem: but let us leave this, and proceed to our former matter. My first Sutor dwells at Wallingford, by Trade a Tanner, a Man of good Wealth, and his name is: Crakes, of comely personage, and very good behaviour, a Widower, well thought of among his Neighbours: he hath proper Land, a fair House, and well furnished.

## The pleasant History

nished, and never a Child in the World, and he loves me passing well. Well, then Dame (quoth John) you were best to have him. Is that your opinion, quoth she? now trust me so it is not mine. For I find two special Reasons to the contrary: the one is that he being overworn in years makes me overloath to love him: and the other, that I know one nearer hand.

Beside me Dame (quoth Jack) I perceive soze is no soze, and preferred Wate is worse by ten in the hundred than that which is sought: but I pray ye who is your second Sutor? John (quoth she) it may seem impudently in me to betray my Loves Secrets: yet seeing thy discretion and being perswaded of thy secrecy, I will shew thee: The other is a man of middle years, but yet a Batchelor, by occupation a Taylor, dwelling at Hungerford: by report a very good husband, such a one as hath Crowns good soze, and to me he professes much good will, for his person he may please any woman. I Dame, quoth John, because he pleaseth you. Not so, said she, for my eyes are impartial Judges in that case: and albeit my opinion may be contrary to others, if this Art deceive not my eye-sight, he is worthy of a good Wife, both for his person and conditions. Then trust me Dame (quoth John) so far as much as you are without doubt of your self that you will prove a good Wife, and so well perswaded of him, I should think you could make no better choice. Truly John (quoth she) there is also two Reasons that move me not to like of him: the one is, that being so long a ranger, he would at home be a stranger: and the other, that I like better of one nearer hand; who is that, quoth Jack? Saith she, the third Sutor is the Parson of Spinhome-land, who hath a proper living, he is of a holy Conversation and good estimation, whose Affection to me is great. No doubt Dame (quoth John) you may do wondrous well with him, where you shall have no care but to serve God, and to make ready his meat. O John (quoth she) the flesh and the spirit agree not; for he will be so bent to his Book, that he will have little mind of his bed: for a whole months studying for a Sermon will make him forget his Wife a whole year. Truly Dame (quoth John) I must needs speak in his behalf, and the rather, for that he is a man of the Church, and your near neighbour to whom (as I guess) you bear the best affection: I do not think he will be so much bound to his book, or Subject to the Spirit, but that he will remember a woman at home or abroad. Well John (quoth she) I wis my mind is not

that



## of Jack of Newbery.

that way, for I like better of one nearer hand. No marvel (quoth Jack) you are so peremptory, seeing you have so much choice: but I pray you Dame (quoth he) let me know this fortunate man, that is so highly placed in your favour. Jo'in (quoth she) they are worthy to know nothing, that cannot keep something: that man (I tell thee) must go nameless: for he is Lord of my love, and King of my desires: there is neither Tanner, Tay'or, nor Parson, may compare with him: his presence is a preservative to my health, his sweet smiles my hearts solace, and his words heavenly musick to my ears. Why then Dame (quoth John) for your bodys health, your hearts joy, and your delight, delay not the time, but entertain him with a kiss, make his bed next yours; and chop up the match in the morning. Well, quoth she, I perceive thy consent is quickly got to any, having no care how I am match'd, so I be match'd: I wis, I wis, I could not let thee go so lightly, being loath that any one should have thee, except I could love her as well as my self. I thank you for your kindness and good will, good Dame, quoth he: but it is not wisdom for a young man that can scantily keep himself, to take a wife: therefore I hold it the best way to lead a single life: for I have heard say, That many lovers follow marriage, especially where want remains: and besides, it is a hard matter to find a constant Woman: for as young Maids are fickle, so are old women jealous: the one a grief too common, the other a torment intolerable. What John (quoth she) consider that maidens sickleness proceeds of vain fancies, but old womens jealousy of superabounding love, and therefore the more to be born withall. But Dame, quoth he, many are jealous without cause; for it is sufficient for their mistrusting natures to take exceptions at a shadow, at a word, at a look, at a smile; nay, at the twinkle of an eye, which neither man nor woman is able to expell: I know a woman that was ready to hang her self, for seeing but her husbands shirt hang on a hedge with her maids smock. I grant that this fury may haunt some, quoth she, yet there are many other that complain not without great cause. Why is there any cause that should move jealousy, quoth Jo'in? I by St. Mary is there, quoth she: for would it not grieve a woman (being on every way able to delight her husband) to see him forsake her, to despise and contemn her, being never so merry as when he is in other company, sporting abroad from morning till noon, and from noon till night; and when he comes to bed, if he

## The pleasant History

run to his Wife, it is in such fullness, and wearisome browne  
lameless, that it brings rather loathsomeness then any delight: can  
you then blame a woman in this case to be angry and displeased? I  
tell you what, among brute beasts it is a grief intolerable: for I  
heard my Glandame tell, that the Bell-weather of her flock fancy-  
ing one of the Cows above the rest, and seeing Gratis the shepherd a-  
busing her in abominable sort (subverting the law of Nature) could  
by no means bear the abuse; but watching opportunity for revenge,  
on a time found the said shepherd sleeping in the field, and suddenly  
ran against him in such violent sort, that by the force of his wearied  
horns, he beat the brains out of the shepherd's head and slew him.  
If then a Sheep could not endure that injury, think not that women  
are so hapish to suffer it. Believe me (quoth John) if every horn-  
maker should be so plagued by a horned beast, there would be less  
horns made in Newbery by many in a year. But Dame, (quoth he)  
re-make an end of this prattle, because it is an argument too deep to  
be discussed between you and I, you shall hear me sing an old Song,  
and so we will depart to Supper.

A Maiden fair I dare not wed,  
For fear to have *Adeon's* head.  
A Maiden black is often proud:  
A Maiden little, will be loud.  
A Maiden that is high of growth,  
They say is subject unto sloth.  
Thus fair or foul, yea little or tall,  
Some faults remain among them all.  
But of all the faults that be,  
None is so bad as jealousy,  
For jealousy is fierce and fell,  
And burns as hot as fire in hell:  
It breeds suspicion without cause,  
And breaks the bonds of reason's Laws.  
To none it is a greater foe,  
Than unto those where it doth grow.  
And God keep me both day and night.  
From that fell, fade, and ugly spright:  
For why, of all the plagues that be,  
The secret plague is jealousy.  
Therefore I with all Women kind,  
Never to bear a jealous mind.



## of Jack of Newbery.

Well said John (quoth she) the Song is not so true, but the voice is as sweet: but seeing the time agrees with our stomacks, though loth, yet we will give ower for this time, and betake our selves to our Suppers. Then calling to the rest of her servants, they fell to their meat merrily; and after Supper, the good-wife went abroad for her recreation, to walk a while with one of her Neighbours. And in the mean space John got him up into his Chamber, and there began to meditate on this matter, bethinking with himself what he were best to do: for well he perceiv'd that his Dames affection was great towards him: knowing therefore the womans disposition, and with all that her estate was reasonable good, and considering beside that he should find a House ready furnish'd, Servants ready taught, and all other things for his Trade necessary, he thought it best not to let slip that good occasion, lest he should never come to the like. But again, when he considered her years to be unsittng to his youth, and that she that sometime had been his Dame, would (perhaps) disdain to be governed by him that had been her poor servant, that it should prove but a bad bargain, doubting many inconveniences that might grow thereby, he therefore resolv'd to be silent, rather than to proceed further: wherefore he got him straight to bed, and the next morning settled himself close to his business. His Dame coming home, and hearing that her man was gone to bed, took that night but small rest, and early in the morning hearing him up at his work, merrily singing, she by and by arook, and in samly sort attiring her self, she came into the Wooll-shop and sat her down to make quilts. Quoth John, Good morning Dame, how do you to day? God a merry John (quoth she) even as well as I may: for I was sore troubled in my dreams, methought two Doves walked together in a corn-field, the one (as it were) in communication with the other, without regard of picking up any thing to sustain themselves: and after they had with many nods spent some time to their content, they both fell hard with their pretty bills, to pick up the scattered corn, left by the weary Reapers hand. At length (finding themselves satisfied) it chanced another Pigeon lighted in that place, with whom one of the first Pigeons at length kept company: and after, returning to the place where she left her first companion, perceiving he was not there, she kindly searching up and down the high stubble to find him, lighted at length on a Hog fast asleep, wherewith methought the poor Dove was so dismayed,

## The pleasant History

that, presently she fell down in a trance. I seeing her legs fall, and her wings quiver, yielding her self to death, moved with pity, ran unto her, thinking to take up the Pigeon, me-thought I had in my hands my own heart, wherein me-thought an arrow stuck so deep, that the blood trickled down the shaft, and lay upon the feathers like the silver pearled dew on the green grass, which made me to weep most bitterly. But presently me-thought there came one to me crowned like a Queen who told me my heart would die, except in time I got some of that sleeping Hogs grease to heal the wounds thereof. Whereupon I ran in all haste to the Hog, with my heart beating in my hand, who (me-thought) grunted at me in most churlish sort, and banisht me out of my sight. Whereupon coming strait home, me-thought I found this Hog rustling among my Louins, wherewith I presently awaked suddenly after mid-night, being all in a sweat, and very ill. I am sure you could not chuse but hear me groan. Trust me Dame I heard you not (quoth John) I was sound asleep. And thus (quoth she) a woman may die in the night before you will have the care to see what she ails, or ask what she lacks.

But truly John (quoth she) all is one, for if thou shouldst hate me, thou couldst not have got in, because my Chamber-door was lock't; but while I live, this shall teach me wit, for henceforth I will have no other lock but a latch, till I am married. Then Dame (quoth he) I perceive though you be curious in your choice, at length you will marry. I truly (quoth she) so thou wilt not hinder me. Alho I, quoth John? on my faith Dame not for an hundred pounds, but rather will further to the uttermost of my power. Indeed (quoth she) thou hast no reason to shew any discourtesie to me in that matter, althotigh some of our neighbours do not like to say, That I am sure to thee already. If it were so (quoth John) there is no cause to deny it, or to be ashamed thereof, knowing my self far unworthy of so high a favour. Well, let this tale rest, (quoth she) and take thee thy Quills, for it is time for me to go to market.

Thus the matter rested for two or three days, in which space she daily devised which way she might obtain her desire, which was to marry her man. Many things came in her head, and sundry fancies in her mind, but none of them did fit her fancy, so that she became wondrous sad, and as civil as the nine Sibs; and in this melancholy humour she continued three weeks or a month, till at last it was

her

## of Jack of Newbery.

her luck upon a Bartholomew day (having a Fair in the Town) to spy her man John give a pair of Shoes to a proper Maid for a fairing, which the Harder with a bashful modesty kindly accepted, and requited with a kiss: which kindled in her an inward jealousy; but notwithstanding very discreetly she covered it, and closely pass along unspied of her man, or the maid.

She had not gone far, but she met with one of her Suitors, namely the Taylor, who was very fine, and brisk in his Apparel, and needs he would bestow some Wine upon the Widow: and after some faint denial, wringing with a Collip of hers, to the Tavern they went, which was more courtly than the Taylor could ever get of her before, shewing her self very pleasant and merry: and finding her in such a pleasing humour, the Taylor after a new quart of Wine renewed his old sute: the Widow with patience heard him, and gently answered, That in respect of his great good will long time born unto her, as also in regard of his gentleness, cost, and courtly at that present bestowed, she would not flatly deny him. Therefore (quoth she) seeing this is not a place to conclude of such matters, if I may intreat you to come to my poor house on Thursday next, you shall be heartily welcome, and be further satisfied of my mind: and thus preferred to a touch of her lips, he paid the shot and departed. The Taylor was scant out of sight, when she met with the Tanner: who albeit he was aged, yet suitably he saluted her, and to the Wine she must, there was no nay. The Widow seeing his importancy, calls her Collip, and long they walked together. The old man called for Wine plenty, and the best cheer in the house: and in hearty manner he bids the Widow welcome. They had not sitten long, but in comes a noise of Quakers in tawny coats, who (putting off their caps) asked if they would have any musick. The Widow answered, No, they were merry enough. But quoth the old man, let us hear good fellows what you can do, and play me The beginning of the World. Alas, quoth the Widow, you had more need hearken to the ending of the World. Why Widow, quoth he, I tell thee the beginning of the World was the begetting of Children: and if you find me faulty in that occupation, turn me out of the bed for a bungler, and then send for the Sexton. He had no sooner spoken the word, but the Parson of Speen with his corner Cap pop's in at the door, who seeing the Widow sitting at the Table, craved pardon, and came in. Quoth she,

for

## The pleasant History

for want of the Sexton; here is the Priest, if you need him. Harry (quoth the Tanner) in good time, for by this means we need not go for to be married. Sir, quoth the Parson, I shall do my best in convenient place. Wherein, quoth the Tanner? To wed her my self, quoth the Parson. Nay so! said the Widow, one Swallow makes not a Summer, nor one meeting a marriage: as I lighted on you unlook't for, so came I hither unprovided for the purpose. I trust, quoth the Tanner, you came not without your eyes to see, your tongue to speak, your ears to hear, your hands to feel, nor your legs to go. I brought my eyes (quoth she) to discern colours, my tongue to say no questions I like not, my ears to judge 'twixt flattery and friendship, and my feet to run from such as would wrong me. Why then, quoth the Parson, by your gentle abiding in this place, it is evident there are none but such as you like and love. God forbid I should hate my friends (quoth the Widow) whom I take all these in this place to be. But there are divers sorts of love, quoth the Parson. You say truth, quoth the Widow: I love your self for your Profession, and my friend the Tanner, for his courtesie and kindness, and the rest for their good company. Yet (quoth the Parson) for the explaining of your love, I pray you drink to him you love best in the company. Why (quoth the Tanner) have you any hope of her love? Believe me (said the Parson) as much as another. Why then Parson sit down, said the Tanner: for you that are equal with me in desire, shall surely be half with me in the shot: and so Widow on God's name, fulfill the Parson's request. Seeing (quoth the Widow) you are so pleasantly bent, if my courtesie might not breed contention between you, and that I may have your labour to shew my fancy, I will fulfill your request. Quoth the Parson, I am pleased howsoever it be. And I, quoth the Tanner. Why then (quoth she) with this Cup of Claret-wine and Sugar, I heartily drink to the Minstrels-boy. Why is it he you love best, (quoth the Parson) I have reason, said she, to like, and love them best, that will be least offended with my doings. Nay, Widow (quoth they) we meant you should drink to him whom you loved best in the way of marriage. Quoth the Widow, you should have said so at first: but, to tell you my opinion, it is small discretion for a woman to disclose her secret affection in an open assembly: therefore, if to the purpose you speak, let me intreat you both to come home to my house on Thursday next, where you shall be heartily welcome,

## of Jack of Newbery.

come, and there be fully resolved of my mind: And so, with thanks at this time, I'll take my leave. The host being paid, and the Musicians pleased, they all departed, the Tanner to Wallingford, the Parson to Spēn, and the Widow to her own house: where in her wonted solemnity she settled her self to her business.

Against Thursday she dressed her house fine and brave, and set her self in her best apparel: the Taylor not forgetting his promises, sent to the Widow a good fat Pig, and a Goose. The Parson being as mindfull as he, sent to her house a couple of fat Rabbits and a Capon. And the Tanner came himself, and brought a good shoulder of Mutton, and half a dozen of Chickens, besides, he brought a good gallon of Sack, and half a pound of the best Sugar. The Widow received this good meat, set her hand to dress it incontinent, and when Dinner-time drew near, the Table was covered, and every other thing provided in convenient and comely sort.

At length the Guests being come, the Widow had them all heartily welcome. The Priest and the Tanner seeing the Taylor, mused what he made there: the Taylor on the other side, marvelled as much at their presence. Thus looking strangely one at another, at length the Widow came out of the Kitchen, in a fair train Gown stuck full of silver pins, a fine white cap on her head with cuts of curious needle-work under the same, and an Apron before her as white as the driven snow: then very modestly making courtesie to them all, she requested them to sit down. But by demanding courtesie one with another, the Widow with a smiling countenance, took the Parson by the hand, saying, sir, as you stand highest in the Church, so it is meet you should sit highest at the Table: and therefore, I pray you sit down there on the bench side. And sir, said she, to the Tanner, as age is to be honoured before youth for their experience, so are they to sit above Bachelors for their gravity: and so she set him down on this side the Table over against the Parson. Then coming to the Taylor, she said, Bachelor, though your lot be the last, your welcome is equal with the first: and seeing your place points out it self, I pray you take a cushion and sit down. And now (quoth she) to make the board equal, and because it hath been an old saying, that three things are to small purpose, if the fourth be away: it is it may stand with your labour, I will call in a Collop of mine to supply this void place. With a good will, quoth they, with that they brought in an old woman with scant

## The pleasant History

scant ever a good tooth in her head, and placed her right against the Batchelor. Then was the meat brought to the board in due order by the Widows servants, her man John being chiefest Servitor. The Widow sat down at the Tables end betwixt the Parson and the Tanner, who in very good sort carbed meat for them all, her Man John waiting at the Table.

After they had sitten a while, and well refreshed themselves, the Widow taking a Chrysall glass fill'd with Claret wine, drank unto the whole company, and had them welcome. The Parson pledged her, and so did all the rest in due order, but still in their company the cup past over the poor old womans nose, incommuch that the old woman (in merry vein) spake thus unto the company: I have had much good meat among you, but as for the drink, I can nothing commend it. Alas, good Gossip, (quoth the Widow) I perceive no man hath drunk to thee yet. No truly, quoth the old woman, for Thurdy-men have so much mind of young Rabbers, old men such joy in young Chickens, Batchelors in Pigs flesh take such delight, that an old Sow, a tough Hen, or a gray Cony are not accepted: and so it is seen by me, else I should have been better remembred. Well, old woman, quoth the Parson, take here the leg of a Capon to stop thy mouth. No, by S. Anne, I dare not, quoth she. No! Wherefore said the Parson? Harry for fear lest you should go home with a Crutch, quoth she. The Taylor said, then taste here a piece of Goose. No, God forbid, said the old Woman, let Goose go to his kind: you have a young stomach, eat it your self, and much good it may do your heart, sweet young man. The old woman lacks most of her teeth, quoth the Tanner, and therefore a piece of tender Chick is fittest for her. If I did lack as many of my teeth, quoth the old woman, as you lack points of good husbandry, I doubt I should starve before it were long. At this the Widow laugh'd heartily, and the men were stuck into such a dump, that they had not a word to say. Dinner being ended, the Widow with the rest rose from the Table, and after they had sitten a pretty while merrily talking, the Widow called to her man John to bring her a Bowl of fresh Ale, which he did. Then said the Widow: My Masters, now for your courtesie and cost I heartily thank you all; and in requital of all your favour, love, and good will, I drink to you, giving you free liberty when you please to depart. At these words her Suitors looked so sowerly one upon



## of Jack of Newbery.

upon another, as if they had been newly champing of Crabs. Which when the Taylor heard, shaking up himself in his new russet jerkin, and setting his hat on one side, he began to speak thus: I trust, sweet Widow (quoth he) you remember to what end my coming hither was to day. I have long time been a Sutor unto you, and this day you promised to give me a direct answer. 'Tis true, quoth she, and so I have: for your love I give you thanks, and when you please you may depart. Shall not I have you, said the Taylor? Alas (quoth the Widow) you come too late. Good friend (quoth the Tanner) it is manners for young men to let their elders be served before them: to what end should I be here if the Widow should have thee? a flat denial is meat for a saucy Sutor: but what sayest thou to me, fair Widow (quoth the Tanner?) Sir, said she, because you are so sharp set, I would wish you as soon as you can to wed. Appoint the time your self, quoth the Tanner. Even as soon (quoth she) as you can get a wife, and hope not after me, for I am already promised. Now, Tanner, you may take your place with the Taylor, quoth the Parson, for indeed the Widow is for no man but my self. Master Parson (quoth she) many have run near the Goal, and yet lost the game: and I cannot help it though your hope be in vain: besides, Parsons are but newly suffered to have Wives, and for my part I will have none of the first head. What (quoth the Taylor) is your merriment grown to this reckoning? I never spent a Pig and a Gole to so bad a purpose before: I promise you when I came in, I verily thought that you were invited by the Widow to make her and me sure together, and that the jolly Tanner was brought to be a witness to the contract: and the old woman fetch't in for the same purpose: else I would never have put up so many dy'Bobs from her hands. And surely, quoth the Tanner, I knowing thee to be a Taylor, did assuredly think that thou wast appointed to come and take measure for our wedding apparel. But now we are all deceived, quoth the Parson, and therefore as we came fools, so we may depart hence like asses. That is as you interpret the matter, said the Widow: for I ever doubting that a concluding Answer would breed a jarr in the end among you every one, I thought it better to be done at one instant, and in mine own House, than at sundry times, and in common Taverns: And as for the meat you sent, as it was unrequested of me, so had you your part thereof, and if you think good to take home the

## The pleasant History

remainder, prepare your Wallers and you shall have it. Day being done, quoth they, although we have lost our labours, we have not altogether lost our manners: that which you have, keep, and God send to us better luck, and to you your hearts desire; and with that they departed.

The Widow being glad she was thus rid of her Guests, when her man John and all the rest sat at Supper, she sitting in a Chair by, spake thus unto them: Well, my Masters, you saw this day that your poor Dame had her choice of Husbands, if she had liked to marry; and such as would have loved and maintain'd her like a woman. 'Tis true, quoth John, and I pray God you have not withstood your best fortune. Trust me (quoth she) I know not, but if I have, I may thank mine own foolish fancy.

Thus it pass on from Bartholomew-Tide, till it was near Christmas, at what time the weather was so wonderful cold, that all the running rivers round about the Town were frozen very thick. The Widow being very loth any longer to lye without company, in a cold winters night made a great fire, and sent for her man John: having also a Chair and a Cushion, she made him sit down therein, and sending for a pint of good Sack, they both went to Supper.

In the end Bed-time coming on, she caused her Maid in a merryment to pluck off his hose and shoes, and caused him to be laid in his Masters best Bed, standing in the best Chamber, hung round about with very fair Curtains. John being thus preferred, thought himself a Gentleman, and lying soft, after his hard labour, and a good Supper, quickly fell asleep.

About midnight, the Widow being cold on her feet, crept in to her man's Bed to warm them. John feeling one lift up the Cloathes, asked who was there? O good John, it is I, quoth the Widow, the night is so extreame cold, and my chamber walls so thin, that I am like to be starved in my Bed: wherefore, rather than I would any way hazard my health, I thought it much better to come hither to try your courtship, to have a little room beside you.

John being a kind young man, would not say her nay, and so they spent the rest of the night both together in one bed. In the morning betime she rose up and made her self ready, and willed her man John to run and fetch her a Link with all speed: for, quoth she, I have earnest business to do this morning. Her man did so, which done,

she



## of Jack of Newbery.

she made him to carry the Link before her untill she came to St. Bartholomew's Chappel, where Sir John the Priest, with the Clerk and Sexton, stood waiting for her. John, quoth she, turn into the Chappel, for before I go further, I will make my Prayers to St. Bartholomew, so shall I speed the better in my business. When they were come in, the Priest, according to his order, came to her, and asked where the Bridegroom was? Quoth she, I thought he had been here before me. Sir (quoth she) I will sit down and say ober my Beads, and by that time he will come. John mused at this matter to see that his Dame should so suddenly be Married, and he hearing nothing thereof before. The Widow rising from her prayers, the Priest told her that the Bridegroom was not yet come. Is it true, quoth the Widow? I promise you I will stay no longer for him, if he were so good as George a Green, and therefore dispatch, quoth she, and marry me to my man John. Why Dame, quoth he, you do but jest I trow, John (quoth she) I jest not, for I mean it shall be, and stand not strangely, but remember that you did promise me on your Faith, not to hinder me, when I came to the Church to be married, but rather to set it forward: therefore set your Link aside, and give me your hand, for none but you shall be my Husband. John seeing no remedy, consented, because he saw the matter could not otherwise be amended; and married they were presently. When they were come home, John entertained his Dame with a kiss: which the other servants saw, thought him something sawcy. The Widow caused the best cheer in the house to be set on the Table, and to breakfast they went, causing her new Husband to be set in a Chair at the Tables end, with a fair Napkin laid on his Trencher: then she called out the rest of her servants, willing them to sit down and take part of their good cheer. They wondering to see their fellow John sit at the Tables end in their old Master's Chair, began heartily to smile, and then openly laughed at the matter, specially because their Dame so kindly sate by his side: which she perceiving, asked if that were all the manners they could shew before their Master: I tell you (quoth she) he is my Husband, for this morning we were Married, and therefore henceforward look you acknowledge your Duty towards him. The folks looked one upon another, marbelling at this strange News. Which when John perceived, he said: My masters, mufe not at all: for although by God's Providence, and your Dame's Favour, I am preferred from being

## The pleasant History

being your Fellow, to be your Master; I am not thereby so much puffed up in Pride, that any way I will forget my former estate: Notwithstanding seeing I am now to hold the Place of a Master, it shall be Wisdom in you to forget what I was, and to take me as I am; and in doing your diligence, you shall have no cause to repent that God made me your Master. The Servants hearing this, as also knowing his good Government before time, past their years with him in dutifull manner.

The next day the report was all over the Town, that Jack of Newbery had married his Dame: so that when the Woman walked abroad, every one had God give her joy: some said that she was wretched to her sorrow; saying, that so lusty a young man as he, would never love her being so ancient. Whereupon the Woman made answer, That she would take him down in his Wedding shoes, and would try his patience in the prime of his lustiness: Whereupon many of her Gossips did likewise encourage her. Every day therefore for the space of a month after she was married, it was her ordinary custome to go forth in the morning among her Gossips and acquaintance to make merry, and not return home till night, without any regard of her household. Of which at her coming home, her Husband did very oftentimes admonish her in very gentle sort, shewing what great inconvenience would grow thereby: the which sometime she would take in gentle part, and sometime in disdain saying:

I am now in very good case, that he which was my Servant but the other day, will now be my Master: this it is for a Woman to make her foot her head. The day hath been when I might have gone forth when I would, and come in again when it had pleased me, without controulement: and now I must be subject to every Jacks check. I am sure (quoth she) that by my gadding abroad, and careless spending, I waste no goods of thine, I pittying thy poverty made thee a man, and Master of the House, but not to the end I should become thy slave, I scorn. I tell thee true that such a youngling as thy self should correct my conceit; and give me instructions, as if I were not able to guide my self: but ysaith, ysaith, you shall not use me like a Babe, nor hydle me like an Ass: and seeing my going abroad grieves thee, where I have gone forth one day, I will go abroad three, and for one hour, I will stay five. Well (quoth her Husband) I trust you will be better advised: and with that he went from her about his business, leaving her sweating in her Lustian furies.

Thus

## of Jack of Newbery.

Thus the time past on, till on a certain day she had been abroad in her wonted manner, and staying forth very late, he shut the doors and went to bed. About midnight she comes to the door, and knocks to come in; to whom he looking out of the window, answered in this sort:

What? is it you that keep such a knocking? I pray you get hence, and request the Constable to provide you a bed, for this night you shall have no lodging here. I hope, quoth she, you will not shut me out of doors like a Dog, nor let me lye in the streets like a Strumpet. Whether like a Dog or a Drab, quoth he, all is one to me, knowing no reason but that as you have stayed out all day for your delight, so you may lye forth all night for my pleasure. Both Birds and Beasts, at the nights approach prepare to their rest, and observe a convenient time to return to their habitation. Look but upon the poor Spider, the Frog, the Fly, and every other silly Worm, and you shall see all these observe time to return to their home; and if you, being a woman, will not do the like, content your self to bear the hunt of your own folly, and so farewell.

The woman hearing this, made piteous moan, and in very humble sort intreated him to let her in, and to pardon this offence, and while she lived, vowed never to do the like. Her Husband at length being moved with pity towards her, slipped on his shoes, and came down in his shirt: the door being opened, in she went quaking, and as he was about to lock it again, in very sorrowfull manner she said, Alack, Husband, what hap have I? My wedding Ring was even now in my hand, and I have let it fall about the door, good sweet John come forth with the candle, and help me to seek it. The man incontinent did so, and while he sought for that which was not there to be found, she whipt into the house, and quickly clapping to the door, she locked her Husband out. He stood calling with the candle in his hand to come in, but she made as if she heard not. Anon she went up into her chamber, and carried the Key with her: but when he saw she would not answer, he presently began to knock as loud as he could at the door. At last she thrust her head out of the window, saying, who is there? 'Tis I, quoth John, what mean you by this? I pray you come down and open the door that I may come in.

What Sir, quoth she, is it you? have you nothing to do but dance about the streets at this time of night, and like a Spirit of the Buttery.

## The pleasant History

very hurt after Crickets? are you so hot that the House cannot hold you? Nay, I pray the sweet heart, quoth he, do not give any longer, but let me in. O sir, remember, quoth she, how you stood even now at the window, like a Judge on the Bench, and in taunting sort, kept me out of my own House. How now, Jack, am I even with you? What, John my Man, were you so lusty to lock your Waine out of doors? Sirra, remember you had me go to the Constable to get lodging, now you have leisure to try if his Wife will prefer you to a Bed. You sir sawce, that made me stand in the cold till my feet did freeze, and my teeth chatter, while you stood preaching of Birds and Beasts, telling me a tale of Spiders, Flies and Frogs; go try now if any of them will be so friendly to let the have lodging. Why go you not man? fear not to speak with them, for I am sure you shall find them at home: think not they are such ill husbands as you to be abroad at this time of night.

With this John's patience was greatly moved, insomuch that he deeply swore, that if he would not let him in, he would break down the door. Why John, quoth she, you need not be so hot, your cloathing is not so warm: and because I think this will be a warning unto you against another time how you shut me out of my house, Catch, there is the Key, come in at thy pleasure: and look thou go to bed to thy fellows, for with me thou shalt not lye this night. With that she clapt to the Casement, and got her to Bed, locking the Chamber-door fast. Her Husband that knew it was in vain to seek to come into her Chamber, and being no longer able to endure the cold, got him a place among his Prentices, and there slept soundly. In the morning his Wife rose betime, and merrily made him a catwale, and bringing it to his Bed, asked him how he did?

Quoth John, troubled with a shrew, who the longer she lives, the worse she is: and as the People of Myris kill men with their looks, so she kills her Husbands heart with untoward Conditions. But trust me Wife, quoth he, seeing I find you of such crooked qualities, that (like the Spider) ye turn the sweet flowers of good counsel into venomous popson; from henceforth I will leave you to your own willfulness, and neither vex my mind, nor trouble my self to restrain you: the which if I had wisely done last night, I had kept the House in quiet, and my self from cold. Husband (quoth she) think that women are like Starlings, that will hurt their Gull before they will

yield

## of Jack of Newbery.

yield to the Fowler : or like the Fish Scolopendra, that cannot be touch't without danger. Notwithstanding as the hard Steel doth yield to the Hammers stroke, being used to this kind, so will women to their Husbands, where they are not too much crook. And seeing you have sworn to give me my Will, I now likewise that my wilfulness shall not offend you. I tell you Husband the noble nature of Women is such, that for their loving Friends, they will not stick (like the Pelican) to pierce their own hearts to do them good. And therefore forgiving each other all injuries past : having also tried one anothers patience, let us quench these burning coals of contention, with the sweet juice of a faithful kiss, and making hands, bequeath all our anger to the eating up of this Candle. Her Husband courteously consented, and after this time, they lived long together, in most godly, loving and kind love, till in the end she died, leaving her Husband wondrous wealthy.

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### CHAP. II.

Of Jack of Newbery his great Wealth and number of Servants : and also how he brought the Queen Katherine two hundred and fifty men prepared for the War, at his own cost, against the King of Scots at Flodden-field.

**N**OW Jack of Newbery being a Widower, had the choice of many wives, Mens daughters of good credit, and Widows of great Wealth. Notwithstanding he bent his only liking to one of his own servants, whom he had try'd in the guiding of his house a year or two : and knowing her to be careful in her business, faithful in her dealing, and an excellent good housewife, thought it better to have her with nothing, then some other with much treasure. And beside, as her qualities were good, so was she of very comely personage, of a sweet face, and fair complexion. In the end he opened his mind unto her, and craved her good will. The Maid (though she took this motion kindly) said she would do nothing without consent of her parents. Whereupon a Letter was writ to her Father, being a poor man living in Ailsbury in Buckinghamshire : who being joyfull of his daughters good fortune, speedily came to Newbery, where, of her Father he was friendly entertained : who after he had made him good cheer, shewed him all his servants at work, and every office in his house.

Within

## The pleasant History

Within one room being large and long,  
There stood two hundred Looms full strong :  
Two hundred men the truth is so,  
Wrought in these Looms all in a row,  
By every one a pretty boy,  
Sate making Quils with mickle joy.  
And in another place hard by,  
An hundred Women merrily,  
Were carding hard with joyfull cheer,  
Who singing sate with voices clear,  
And in a Chamber close beside,  
Two hundred Maidens did abide,  
In petticoats of Stammel red,  
And milk white Kerchers on their head :  
Their Smock-sleeves like to Winter-snow,  
That on the Western Mountains flow,  
And each sleeve with a silken band,  
Was fairly tied at the hand.  
These pretty Maids did never lin,  
But in that place all day did spin ;  
And spinning so with voices meet,  
Like Nightingales they sung full sweet,  
Then to another Room came they,  
Where Children were in poor array :  
And every one sate picking Wooll,  
The finest from the course to cull,  
The number was seven-score and ten,  
The Children of poor silly men :  
And these their labours to requite,  
Had every one a penny at night.  
Beside their meat and drink all day,  
Which was to them a wondrous stay.  
Within another place likewise,  
Full fifty proper men he spies,  
And these were Shearmen every one,  
Whose skill and cunning there was shown :  
And hard by them there did remain,  
Full fourscore Rowers taking pain.  
A Dy-house likewise had he then,  
Wherein he kept full forty men :  
And likewise in his fulling Mill,  
Full twenty persons kept he still.  
Each week ten good fat Oxen he  
Spent in his house for certainty :  
Besides good Butter, Cheese and Fish,  
And many another wholesome dish.



## of Jack of Newbery.

He kept a Butcher all the year,  
A Brewer eke for Ale and Beer :  
A Baker for to bake his Bread,  
Which stood his household in good stead.  
Five Cooks within his Kitchin great,  
Were all the year to dress his meat :  
Six Scullion-boys unto their hands,  
To make clean dishes, pots and pans :  
Beside poor children that did stay,  
To turn the broaches every day.  
The old men that did see this sight,  
Was much amaz'd, as well he might :  
This was a gallant Cloathier sure,  
Whose Fame for ever shall endure.

When the old man had seen this great household and family, then he was brought into the Ware-houses, some being fill'd with Wool, some with Flocks, some with Woad and Wadder, and some with broad Cloaths and Kertles ready dyed and dyest, beside a great number of others, some stretch't on the Centers, some hanging on Poles, and a great many more lying wet in other places. Sir (quoth the old man) I wis the see you be boundable rich, and cham content you shall have my daughter, Gods blessing and mine light on you both.

But Father (quoth Jack of Newbery) what wilt you bestow with her? Harry hear you (quoth the old man) I baith cham but a poor man, but I thonk God, cham of good exclamation among my neighbours, and they will as soon take my vice for any thing as a richer mans : thich I will bestow, you shall have with a good will, because the hear very good condemnation of you in every place, therefore chil give you twenty Nobles and a weaning Calf, and when I die and my wife, you shall have the revelation of all my goods.

When Jack heard his offer, he was streight content, making more reckoning of the womans modesty, than her Fathers money. So the marriage day being appointed, all things were prepared meet for the wedding, and royal chæ ordained; most of the Lords, Knights and Gentlemen thereabout were invited thereunto. The Bide being attired in a Gown of sheeps russet, and a kirtle of fine woosted, her head attired with a billiment of gold, and her hair as yellow as gold hanging down behind her, which was curiously combed and pleated, according to the manner in those days : she was led to Church between two sweet Boys, with Bide-laces and Rosemary tyed about their M-

## The pleasant History

ken Sleeves; the one was Son to Sir Thomas Parry, the other to Sir Francis Hungerford. Then was there a fair Bide-cup of silver and gilt carried before her, wherein was a goodly branch of Rosemary gilded very faire, hung about with silken Ribbands of all colours: next was there a noise of Musicians that played all the way before her: after her came all the chiefeest maidens of the Countrey, some bearing great Bide-cakes, and some Garlands of Wheat finely gilded, and so she pass'd unto the Church.

It is needless here for me to make any mention here of the Bidegroom, who being a man so well beloved, wanted no company, and those of the best sort, beside divers Merchant Strangers of the Still-yard, that came from London, to the Wedding. The marriage being solemnized, home they came in order as before: and to dinner they went, where was no want of good cheer, no lack of melody: Rhenish wine at this wedding was as plentiful as Beer or Ale, for the Merchants had sent thither ten tuns of the best wine in the Still-yard.

This Wedding endured ten days, to the great relief of the poor that dwelt all about: and in the end the Bides Father and Mother came to pay their daughters portion: which when the Bidegroom had received, he gave them great thanks: notwithstanding he would not suffer them yet to depart; and against they should go home, their Son-in-law came unto them, saying: Father and Mother, all the thanks that my poor heart can yield, I give you for your good will, cost and courtesie, and while I live make bold to use me in any thing that I am able, and in requital of the gift you gave me with your daughter, I give you here twenty pound to bestow as you find occasion, and for your loss of time, and charges riding up and down, I give you here as much broad-cloth as shall make you a Cloak, and my Mother an holiday Gown, and when this is worn out, come to me and fetch more.

O my good son (quoth the old woman) Christ benizon be with thee for evermore: for to tell thee true, we had sold all our Kine to make money for my daughters marriage, and this seven year we should not have been able to buy more: Notwithstanding we should have sold all that ever we had, before my poor wench should have lost her marriage. I (quoth the old man) shud have sold my coat from my back, and my bed from under me, before my Girl should have gone without you. I thank you good Father and Mother, said the Bide, and I pray God long.



## of Jack of Newbery.

long to keep you in health: then the Wife kneled down and did her duty to her parents, who weeping for very joy, departed. Not long after this, it chanced while our noble King was making War in France, that James King of Scotland, falsely breaking his oath, invaded England with a great Army, and did much hurt upon the Borders: whereupon on the sudden every man was appointed according to his ability to be ready with his men and furniture at an hours warning, on pain of death. Jack of Newbery was commanded by the Justice to set out six men, four armed with Pikes, and two Calivers, and to meet the Queen in Buckinghamshire, who was there raising a great power to go against that faithless King of Scots. When Jack had retised his charge, he came home in all haste, and cut out a whole broad-cloth for Hoysmens coats, and so much more as would make up coats for a hundred men: in short time he had made ready fifty tall men well mounted in white coats, and red caps with yellow feathers, Bennisances in their hands, and fifty armed men on foot with Pikes, and fifty shot in white coats, also every man so expert in handling of his weapon, as few better were found in the field, himself likewise in compleat armour, on a goodly barbed horse, rode foremost of the company, with a Lance in his hand, and a fair plume of yellow feathers in his crest, and in this sort he came before the Justices: who at the first approach did not a little wonder what he should be.

At length when he had discovered what he was, the Justices and most of the Gentlemen gave him great commendations for this his good and forward mind shewed in this action: but some other envying hereat, gave out words that he shews himself more prodigal than prudent, and more vain-glorious than well advised, seeing that the best Nobleman in the Countrey would scarce have done so much: and no marvel (quoth they) for such a one would call to his remembrance, that the King had often occasions to urge his Subjects to such charges, therefore would do at one time as they might be able to do at another: but Jack of Newbery, like the Stork in the Spring-time, thinks the highest Cedar too low to build his nest in, and ere the year be half done, may be glad to have a bed in a bush.

These disdainful speeches being at last brought to Jack of Newbery's ear, though it grieved him much, yet patiently put them up till thine convenient. Within a while after, all the Souldiers of Barkshire, Hampshire, and Wiltshire, were commanded to shew themselves

## The pleasant History

before the Queen at Stony Stratford, where her Grace, with many Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen were assembled, with ten thousand men. Against Jack should go to the Queen, he caused his face to be smeared with blood, and his white coat in like manner.

When they were come before her highness, she demanded (abobe all the rest) what those white Coats were : Whereupon Sir Henry Englefield (who had the leading of the Barkshire men) made answer :

May it please your Majestie to understand, that he which rideth foremost there, is called Jack of Newbery, and all those gallant men in white, are his own servants who are maintained all the year by him, whom he at his own cost hath set out in this time of extremity to serve the King against his haunting Foe : and I assure your Majestie, there is not, for the number, better Souldiers in the field.

Good Sir Henry (quoth the Queen) bring the man to me, that I may see him : which was done accordingly. Then Jack with all his men alighted, and humbly on their knees fell before the Queen. Her Grace said, Gentlemen, arise, and putting forth her lilly white hand, gave it him to kiss. Most gracious Queen, quoth he, Gentleman, I am none, nor the Son of a Gentleman, but a poor Clothier, whose Lands are his Looms, having no other Rents but what I get from the backs of little sheep, nor can I claim any other cognizance but a wooden shuttle. Nevertheless, most gracious Queen, these my poor servants and my self, with life and goods, are ready at your Majesties command, not only to spend our bloods, but also to lose our lives in defence of our King and Country.

Welcome to me Jack of Newbery, said the Queen, though a Clothier by Trade, yet a Gentleman by condition, and a faithfull subject in heart : and if thou chance to have any sute in Court, make account the Queen will be thy friend, and would to God the King had many such Clothiers. But tell me, how came thy white coat belined with blood, and thy face to be scratch't ? May it please your Grace (quoth he) to understand that it was my chance to meet with a Monster, who like the people Cynomolgy, had the proportion of a man, but headed like a dog, the biting of whose teath was like the poisoned teath of a Crocodile, his breath like the Basilisks, killing a far off, I suppose his Name was Envy, who assailed me invisibly, like the wicked spirit of Moggance, who flung stones at men, and could not be seen : and so I came by my scratch't face, not knowing what was done.

## Of Jack of Newbery.

done. What was the cause of this Monster should afflict thee above the rest of thy company, or other men in the field? Although, most Soberaign Queen, quoth he, this poisoned cur snarleth at many, and that few can escape the hurt of his wounded breath, yet at this time he bent his force against me, not for any hurt I did him, but because I surpass'd him in hearty affection to my Soberaign Lord, and with the poor Widow offered all that I had to serve my Prince and Countrey. It were happy for England, said the Queen, if in every Market Town there were a Gibbet to hang up curs of that kind, who, like Esop's dog, lying in the manger, will do no good himself, nor suffer such as would do any. This speech being ended, the Queen caused her Army to be set in order, and in warlike manner to march toward Flodden, where King James had pitched his field. But as they passed along with Drum and Trumpet, there came a Post from the valiant Earl of Surrey, with tidings to her Grace that now she might dismiss her Army, for that it pleased God to grant the Noble Earl victory over the Scots: whom he had by his wisdom and valiancy overcome in fight, and slain their King in battel. Upon which news her Majesty discharged her Forces, and joyfully took her journey to London, with a pleasant countenance, praising God for her famous victory, and yielding thanks to all the Noble Gentlemen and Souldiers for their readines in the action, giving many gifts to the Nobility, and great rewards to the Souldiers: among whom she nothing forgot Jack of Newbery, about whose neck she put a rich chain of Gold: at what time he with all the rest gave a great shout, saying: God save Katherine the Noble Queen of England. Many Noble men of Scotland were taken prisoners at this battel, and many more slain: so that there never came a greater foil to Scotland than this: for you shall understand that the Scottish King made full account to be Lord of this Land, watching opportunity to bring to pass his faithless and traiterous practice: which was when our King was in France, at Turney and Turwin: in regard of which Wars the Scots bawnted there was none left in England, but Heards and Ploughmen, who were not able to lead an Army, having no skill in martial affairs. In consideration of which advantage, he invaded the Countrey, boasting of victory before he had won: which was no small grief to Queen Margaret his Wife, who was eldest Sister to our Noble King. Wherefore, in disgrace of the Scots, and in retri-  
bance

## The pleasant History

brance of the famous archiebed history, the Commons of England  
made this Song : which to this day is not forgotten of many.

### The S O N G.

**K**ing *Jamie* hath made a vow,  
keep it well if he may,  
That he will be at lovely *London*,  
upon Saint *James* his day.

Upon Saint *James* his day at noon,  
at fair *London* will I be ;  
And all the Lords in merry *Scotland*,  
they shall dine there with me.

Then bespake good Queen *Margaret*,  
the tears fell from her eye :  
Leave off these Wars most noble King,  
keep your fidelity.

The water runs swift & wonderous deep  
from bottom unto the brim :  
My Brother *Henry* hath men good e-  
*England* is hard to win. (nough.

Away (quoth he) with this silly fool,  
in prison fast let her lye :  
For she is come of the English Blood,  
and for these words she shall die.

That day made many a fatherless child,  
and many a Widow poor :  
And many a Scottish gay Lady,  
fate sweeping in her Bower-

With that bespake *L. Thomas Howard*,  
the Queens Chamberlain that day:  
If that you put *Q. Margaret* to death,  
*Scotland* shall rue it alway.

Then in a rage King *Jamie* did say,  
away with this foolish Mome :  
He shall be hang'd, and the other burn'd,  
so soon as I come home:

At *Flodden-field* the Scots came in,  
which made our English men fain :  
At *Bramstone-green* this Battel was seen,  
there was King *Jamie* slain.

Then presently the Scots did fly,  
their Cannons they left behind :  
Their Ensigns gay were won all away,  
our Souldiers did beat them blind.  
(slain,

To tell you plain, twelve thousand were  
that to the fight did stand :  
And many a Prisoner took that day,  
the best in all *Scotland*.

*Jack* with a Fether was lapt all in Lether,  
his boastings were all in vain.  
He had such a chance with new morrice  
he never went home again. (dance.

### CHAP. III.

How *Jack* of *Newbery* went to receive the King, as he went a progress into *Barkshire* ; and how he made him a Banquet in his own House.

**A**Bout the tenth year of the King's reign, his Grace made his  
progress into *Barkshire*, against which time *Jack* of *Newbery*  
cloathed thirty tall fellows, being his household servants in blew coats,  
faced with *Serccenet*, every one having a good sword and buckler on  
his

## of Jack of Newbery.

his shoulder, himself in a plain russet coat, a pair of white Kertie breeches, without welt or gird, and stockings of the same piece sewed to his shoes, which had a great cod-piece, wheron he stuck his pins: who knowing the King would come ower a certain meadow, near, adjoining to the Town: got himself thither with all his men: and repairing to a certain Ant-hill, which was in the field, took up his seat there, causing his men to stand round about the same with their swords drawn.

The King coming near the place with the rest of his Nobility, and seeing them stand with their drawn weapons, sent to know the cause, Garre. King at Arms was the Messenger, who spake in this sort. Good fellows, the Kings Majesty would know to what end you stand hear with swords and bucklers prepared to fight. With that Jack of Newbery started up, and made this answer: Harrold (quoth he) return to his Highness, it is poor Jack of Newbery, who being scant Marquess of a Hole-hill, is chosen Prince of Ants, and here I stand with my Weapons and Guard about me to defend and keep these my poor and painfull subjects, from the force of the idle Butterflies, their sworn enemies, lest they should disturb their quiet Commonwealth, who this Summer-season are making their Winters provision.

The Messenger returning, told his Grace that it was one Jack of Newbery that stood there with his men about him to guard (as they say) a company of Ants, from the furious wrath of the Prince of Butterflies. With this news the King heartily laugh't, saying, Indeed it is no marvell he stands so well prepared, considering what a terrible Tyrant he hath to deal withall. Certainly, my Lords (quoth he) this seems to be a pleasant fellow, and therefore we will send to talk with him. The Messenger being sent, told Jack he must come and speak with the King. Quoth he, his Grace hath a Horse, and I am on foot, therefore will him to come to me: beside that, while I am away, our enemies might come and put my people in hazard, as the Scots did England, while our King was in France. How dare the Lamb be so bold with the Lyon, quoth the Herald? Why, quoth he, if there be a Lyon in the field, here is never a Cock to fear him: and tell his Majesty, he might think me a very bad Governour that would walk aside upon pleasure, and leave my people in peril. Herald (quoth he) it is written, he that hath a charge must look to it, and so tell thy Lord my

## The pleasant History

my King. The message being done, the King said, My Lords, knowing it will be no other, we will ride up to the Emperour of the Ants, that is so careful in his Government. At the King's approach, Jack of Newbery, and his servants put up all their weapons, and with a joyfull cry hung up their Caps in token of Victory. Why how now, my Masters (quoth the King) is your Wars ended? let me see where the Lord General of this great Camp is? With that Jack of Newbery, with all his servants, fell on their knees, saying, God save the King of England, whose sight hath put my foes to flight, and brought great peace to the poor labouring people. Trust me (quoth our King) here be pretty fellows to fight against Butterflies: I must commend your courage, that dares withstand such mighty giants. Most dread Sovereign (quoth Jack) not long ago, in my conceit, I saw the most provident Parion of the Ants summoned their chief Peers to a Parliament which was held in the famous City Dry Dully, the one and thirtieth day of September: whereas, by their wisdoms, I was chosen their King, at what time also many bills of complaint were brought in against all members in the Common-wealth: among whom the Mole was attainted of High-treason to their state, and therefore was banished for ever from their quiet Kingdom: so was the Grasshopper and the Caterpillar, because they were not only idle, but also lived upon the labours of other men: amongst the rest, the Butterfly was much misliked, but few durst say any thing to him, because of his golden apparel: who though sufferance grew so ambitious and malepert, that the poor Ant could no sooner get an egg in her nest, but he would have it away, and especially against Easter, which at length was misliked. This painted Als took snuff in the nose, and assembled a great many other of his own coat, by windy wars to root these painfull people out of the land, that he himself might be scared above them all. (These were proud Butterflies, quoth the King.) Whereupon I with my pen (quoth Jack) prepared our selves to withstand them, till such time as your Majesties royal presence put them to flight.

Truth (said the King) thou must think that the force of Flies is not great. Notwithstanding (quoth Jack) their gay gowns make poor men afraid. I perceive (quoth Cardinal Wolsey) that you being King of Ants, do carry a great grudge to the Butterflies. I, quoth Jack, we be as great foes as the Fox and the Snakes are friends: for the one



## of Jack of Newbery.

one of them being subtle, loves the other for his craft : but now I intend to be no longer a Prince, because the Majesty of a King hath eclips'd my glory : so that looking like the Peacock on my black feather, makes me abase my vain-glorious feathers ; and humbly I yield unto his Majesty all my soveraign rule and dignity, both of life and goods, casting my weapons at his feet, to do any service wherein his Grace shall command me. God a merry god Jack (quoth the King) I have often heard of thee, and this morning I mean to visit thy house.

Thus the King with great delight rode along until he came to the Towns end, where a great multitude of people attended to see his Majesty : where also Queen Katherine with all her train met him. Thus with great rejoycing of the Commons, the King and Queen passed along to this Jolly Clothiers house, where the Good Wife of the house with threelcore Maidens attending, on her, presented the King with a Bee-hive, most richly gilt with gold, and the Bees therein were also gold, curiously made by Art, and out of the top of the samehive sprung a flourishing green Tree, which bore golden Apples, and at Root thereof lay divers Serpents seeking to destroy it, whom Prudence and Fortitude trod under their feet, holding this inscription in their hands.

Lo here presented to your Royal sight,  
the figure of a flourishing Common-wealth :  
Where vertuous Subjects labour with delight,  
and beat the drones to death that live by stealth.  
Ambition, Envy, Treason, loathsome Serpents be,  
which seek the downfall of this fruitfull tree.

But Lady prudence with deep-searching eye,  
their ill-intended purpose doth prevent :  
And noble Fortitude standing always nigh,  
disperst their power prepar'd with bad intent.  
Thus they are foil'd that mount by means unmeet,  
and so like slaves are trodden under feet.

The King labourably accepted this Emblem, and receiving it at the womans hands, willed Cardinal Wolsey to look thereon, commanding it should be sent to Windfor Castle. This Cardinal was at that time Lord Chancellor of England, and a wonderfull proud Prelate, by whose means great variance was set betwixt the King

## The pleasant History

of England and the French King, the Emperour of Alman, and others other Princes of Christendome, whereby the traffick of those Merchants was utterly forbidden, which bred a general woe through England, especially among Clothiers: insomuch that having no sale for their Cloth, they were faine to put away many of their people which work't for them, as hereafter more at large shall be declared.

Then was his Majesty brought into a great Hall, where four long Tables were ready covered: and passing through that place, the King and Queen came into a fair and large Parlor hung about with goodly Tapestry, where was a Table prepared for his Highness, and the Queens Grace. All the floor where the King late was covered with broad-cloaths, instead of green rushes: these were choice pieces of the finest Wool of an Azure colour, valued at an hundred pound a cloth, which afterwards was given to his Majesty. The King being set with the chiefest of his Counsel about him, after a delicate Dinner, a sumptuous Banquet was brought in, served all in Glasse: the description wherof were too long for me to write, and you to read. The great Hall was also filled with Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, who were attended by no other but by the servants of the house. The Ladies of Honour and Gentlewomen of the Court were all seated in another Parlor by themselves: at whose Table the Maidens of the house did wait in decent sort. The Serving-men by themselves, and the Pages and Foot-men by themselves, upon whom the Princes did attend most diligently. During the Kings abiding in this place, there was no want of delicacies: Rhenish wine, Claret wine, and sack, was as plentiful as small Ale. Then from the highest to lowest, they were served in such sort, as no discontent was found any way, so that great commendations redounded to the good man of the house. The A. Cardinal that of late found himself galled by the Allegory of the Ants, spake in this wise to the King: If it should please your Highness (worthy he) but to note the vain glory of these Artificers, you should find no small cause of dislike in many of their actions. For an instance, the fellow of this house, he hath not stuck this day to undo himself, only to become famous by receiving your Majesty: like Herodotus the Shoemaker, that burned the Temple of Diana, only to get himself a name, more than for any affection he bears to your Grace, as may well be proved by this: let there be but a simple Subdye laid upon them for the assistance of your Highness wars, or any other weighty



## of Jack of Newbery.

weighty affairs of the Common-wealth and state of the Realm, though it be not the Twentieth part of their substance, they will so grudge and repine, that it is wonderful, and like people desperate cry out, They are quite undone. My Lord Cardinal, quoth the Queen (under correction of my L. the King) I durst lay a hundred pound Jack of Newbery was never of that mind, nor is not at this instant: if ye ask him, I warrant he will say so. My self also had a proof thereof at the Scotch Invasion, at what time this man being sealed but at six men, brought (at his own cost) an hundred and fifty men into the field. I would I had more such subjects, said the King, and many of so good a mind. Po ho Harry (quoth Will Summers) then had not Empson and Dudley been chronicled for Knaves, nor sent to the Tower for Treason. But when they had not known the pain of imprisonment, quoth our King, who with their subtilty grieved many others. But their subtilties were such that it brake their necks, quoth Will Summers. Whereat the King and Queen laughing heartily, rose from the Table; by which time Jack of Newbery had caused all his folks to go to their work, that his Grace and all the Nobility might see it; so indeed the Queen had requested. Then came his highness, where he saw a hundred Looms standing in one Room, and two men working in every one, who pleasantly sung in this sort.

### *The Weavers Song.*

**W**hen *Hercules* did use to spin,  
and *Pallas* wrought upon the Loom,  
Our trade to flourish did begin,  
while conscience went not selling Broom,  
Then love and friendship did agree,  
to keep the bands of amity.

When Princes Sons kept sheep in field,  
and Queens made Cakes of wheated flower,  
The men to lucre did not yield,  
which brought good cheer in every Bower,  
Then love and friendship did agree,  
to hold the bands of amity.

But when the Gyants huge and high,  
did fight with Spears like Weavers Beams,  
Then they in Iron Beds did lye,  
and brought poor men to hard extreams.  
Yet love and friendship did agree,  
to hold the bands of amity.

## The pleasant History

Then *David* took his sling and stone,  
not fearing great *GOLIAH*'s strength :  
He pierc't his brains, and broke the bone,  
though he were fifty foot of length.  
For love and friendship, &c.

But while the *Greeks* besieged *Troy*,

*Penelope* apace did spin :

And Weavers wrought with mickle joy,  
though little gains were coming in.  
For love and friendship, &c.

Had *Helen* then fate carding Wooll,  
(whose beauteous face did breed such strife)

She had not been fir *Paris* trull,  
nor caused so many to lose their life,  
Yet we by love did still agree,  
to hold the hands of amity.

Or had King *Priam*'s wanton Son,  
been making Quills with sweet content,  
He had not then his friends undone,  
when he to *Greece* a gadding went.  
For love and friendship did agree, &c.

The Cedar-trees endure more storms,  
then little shrubs that sprout on high :  
The Weavers live more void of harms,  
then Princes of great dignity,  
While love and friendship doth agree, &c.

The Shepherd sitting in the field,  
doth tune his Pipe with hearts delight :  
When Princes watch with Spear and Shield,  
the poor man soundly sleeps all night.  
While love and friendship doth agree, &c.

Yet this by proof is daily try'd,  
for Gods good gifts we are ingrate,  
And no man through the world so wide,  
lives well contented with his state.  
No love and friendship we can see,  
to hold the hands of amity.

Well sung good fellows, said our King, Light hearts and merry  
minds live long without gray hairs. But (quoth Will Summers) sel-  
dom without red noses. Well, said the King, there is a hundred An-  
gels to make good cheer withall : and look that every year once you  
make a feast among your selves, and frankly (every year) I give you  
leave

## of Jack of Newbery.

leave to fetch four Bucks out of Derington Park; without any mang  
let or controulment. *O*, I beseech your Grace (quoth Will Summers)  
let it be with a condition; What is that, said our King? My Liege,  
quoth he, that although the Keeper will have the skins, yet they may  
give their Wives the horns. Go too, said the Queen, the head is ful-  
ler of Knavery, than the purse is of Crowns. The poor Workmen  
humbly thanked his Majesty for his bountifull liberality: and ever  
since it hath been a custom among the Weavers, every year presently  
after Bartholomew-tide in remembrance of the Kings labour to meet  
together and make a merry feast. His Majesty came next among the  
Spinners and Carders, who were merrily a working: whereat Will  
Summers fell into a great laughter. What ails the fool to laugh,  
said the King? Harry (quoth Will Summers) to see these Maidens  
get their living, as Bulls do eat their meat. How is that,  
said the Queen? by going still backward, quoth Will Summers: and  
I will lay a wager, that they that practice so well being Maids to  
go backward, will quickly learn, e're long to fall backward.

But sirra, said the Cardinal, thou didst fall forward when thou  
hokest thy face in master Kingsmiles Cellar. But you my Lord late  
forward (quoth Will Summers) when you late in the stocks at Sir  
Amias Paulet's. Whereat there was greater laughing then before.  
The King and Queen and all the Nobility hardfully beheld these wo-  
men, who for the most part were very fair and comely creatures;  
and were all attired alike from top to toe. Then (after due reverence)  
the maidens in dulcet manner chanted out this Song, two of them  
singing the dirty; and all the rest bearing the burden;

### *The Maidens Song.*

**I**T was a Knight in Scotland born,  
follow my love come over the strand:  
Was taken prisoner and left forlorn,  
even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

Then was he cast in prison strong,  
follow my love leap over the strand:  
Where he could not walk nor lye along,  
even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

And as in sorrow thus he lay,  
follow my love come over the strand:  
The Earl sweet Daughter walks that way, well,  
and she is the fair flower of Northumberland.

And

## The pleasant History

And passing by like an Angel bright,  
follow my love, come over the strand :  
This prisoner had of her a sight,  
and she, &c.

And aloud to her this Knight did cry,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
The salt tears standing in his eye,  
and she the fair flower of *Northumberland*.

Fair Lady he said, take pity on me,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
And let me not in prison die,  
and you the fair flower of *Northumberland*.

Fair Sir, how should I take pity on thee,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
Thou being a foe to our Country,  
and I the fair flower of *Northumberland*.

Fair Lady I am no foe, he said,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
Through thy sweet love here was I stay'd,  
for thee the fair flower of *Northumberland*.

Why should'st thou come here for love of me,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
Having Wife and Children in thy Country,  
and I the fair flower of *Northumberland*.

I swear by the blessed Trinity,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
I have no Wife nor Children I,  
nor dwelling at home in merry *Scotland*.

If courteously you will set me free,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
I vow that I will marry thee,  
so soon as I come in fair *Scotland*.

Thou shalt be a Lady of Castles and Towers,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
And sit like a Queen in Princely bowers,  
when I am at home in fair *Scotland*.

Then parted hence this Lady gay,  
follow my love, come over the strand,

## of Juck of Newbery.

And got her Fathers Ring away,  
to help this Knight into fair Scotland

Likewise much Gold she got by sleight,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
And all to help this forlorn Knight,  
to wend from her Father to fair Scotland.

Two gallant steeds both good and able,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
She likewise took out of the Stable,  
to ride with the Knight into fair Scotland.

And to the Jaylor she sent this Ring,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
The Knight from Prison forth did bring,  
to wend with her into fair Scotland.

This token set the Prisoner free,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
Who straight went to this fair Lady,  
to wend with her into fair Scotland.

A gallant steed he did beset,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
And with the Lady away did ride,  
and she the fair flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water clear,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
Good Sir how should I follow you here,  
and I the fair flower of Northumberland.

The water is rough and wonderful deep,  
follow my love, come over the strand:  
And on my Saddle I shall not keep,  
and I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Fear not the Flood, fair Lady, quoth he,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
For long I cannot stay for thee,  
and thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

The Lady prickt her wanton steed,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
And over the River swam with speed,  
and she, &c.

## The pleasant History

From top to toe all wet was she,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
This have I done for love of thee,  
and I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Thus rode she all one Winters night,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
Till Edenborough they saw in sight,  
the fairest Town in all Scotland.

Now chuse, quoth he, thou wanton Flower,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
Where thou wilt be my Paramour,  
or get thee home to Northumberland.

For I have Wife and Children five,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
In Edenborough they be alive,  
then get thee home to fair England.

This favour thou shalt have to boot,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
I'll have my Horse, go thou on foot,  
go get thee home to Northumberland.

O false and faithless Knight, quoth she,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
And canst thou deal so bad with me,  
and I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Dishonour not a Ladies name,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
But draw thy sword, and end my shame,  
and I the fair flower of Northumberland.

He took her from her stately feed,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
And left her there in extreame need,  
and she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Then sat she down full heavily,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
At length two Knights came riding by,  
two gallant Knights of fair England.

She fell down humbly on her knees,  
follow my love, come over the strand,

Saying,



## of Jack of Newbery.

Saying, Courteous Knight take pity on me,  
and I the fair flower of *Northumberland*.

I have offended my Father dear,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
And by a false Knight that brought me here,  
from the good Earl of *Northumberland*.

They took her up behind them then,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
And brought her to her Father again,  
And he the good Earl of *Northumberland*.

All you fair Maidens, be warned by me,  
follow my love, come over the strand,  
*Sejs* never were true, nor never will be,  
to Lord nor Lady, nor fair *England*.

After the King's Majesty and the Queen had heard this Song sweetly sung by them, he cast them a great reward: and so departing thence, went to the Fulling-mills and Dy-house, where a great many were also hard at work; and his Majesty perceiving what a great number of people were by this one man set on work, both admired and commended him: saying further, that no Trade in all the Land was so much to be cherished and maintained as this, which, quoth he, may be well called, the life of the poe. And as the King returned from this place with intent to take horse and depart, there met him a great many childezen in garments of white silk, fringed with Gold, their heads crowned with golden Bays, and about their arms each one had a Scarf of green Sarcenet fast tied, in their hands they bore silver Bows, and under their girdles golden Arrows. The foremost of them represented Diana, Gods of Chastity, who was attended on by a train of beautiful Nymphs, and they presented to the King four prisoners: The first was a stern and a grisly woman, carrying a frowning countenance, and her forehead full of wrinkles, her hair as black as pitch, and her garments all bloody, a great sword she had in her hand all stained with purple gore: they called her name Bel-lona, Goddess of Wars, who had three daughters, the first of them was a tall woman, so lean and ill favoured, that her cheek-bones were ready to start out of the skin, of a pale and deadly colour; her eyes sunk into her head; her legs so feeble, that they could scarcely carry her

## The pleasant History

body; all along her arms and hands through the skin you might tell the sinews, joynts and bones; her teeth were very strong and sharp withall: He was so greedy, that she was ready with her teeth to tear the skin from her own arms: Her attire was black, and all torn and ragged; she went bare-footed, and her name was Famine. The second was a strong and lusty woman, with a look pitiless, and unmerciful countenance: her garments were all made of Iron and Steel, and she carried in her hand a naked weapon, and she was called the Sword. The third was also a cruel creature, her eyes did sparkle like burning coals, her hair was like a flame, and her garments like burning bras: she was so hot, that none could stand near her, and they called her name Fire.

After this they retired again, and brought unto his Highness two other personages, their countenance was Princely and amiable, their attire most rich and sumptuous: the one carried in his hand a golden Trumpet, and the other a Palm-tree; and these were called Fame and Victory, whom the Goddess of Chastity charged to wait upon this famous Prince for ever. This done, each child after other with due reverence gave unto his Majesty a Sweet-smelling Gilly-flower, after the manner of the Persians, offering something in token of loyalty and obedience. The King and Queen beholding the sweet favour and countenance of these children, demanded of Jack of Newbery whose children they were? Who answered, It shall please your Highness to understand, that these are the children of poor people, that do get their living by picking of Wool, having scant a good meal once in a week. With that the King began to tell his Gillyflowers, whereby he found that there were 96 children. Certainly, said the Queen, I perceive God gives as fair children to the poor as to the rich, and saiter many times: and though their dyer and keeping be but simple, the blessing of God dorch cherish them: Therefore, said the Queen, I will request to have two of them to wait in my chamber. Fair Katherine, said the King, thou and I have jump't in one opinion, thinking these children fitter for the Court then the Countrey: whereupon he made choice of a dozen more: four he ordained to be Pages to his Royal Person, and the rest he sent to Universities, allowing to every one a Gentlemans living. Divers of the Noblemen did in like sort entertain some of these children into their services, so that (in the end) not one was left to pick Wool, but were all so provided for, that their Parents never needed.

## of Jack of Newbery.

needed to care for them: and God so blessed them, that each of them came to be men of great account and authority in the land, whose posterities remain to this day worshipful and famous. The King, Queen and Nobles being ready to depart, after great thanks and gifts given to Jack of Newbery, his Majesty would have made him Knight; but he meekly refused it, saying, I beseech your Grace let me live a poor Clothier among my people, in whose maintenance I take more felicity, than in all the vain titles of Gentility: for these are the labouring Ants whom I seek to defend, and these be the Bees which I keep; who labour in this life, not for our selves, but for the glory of God, and to do service to our dread Sovereign. Thy Knighthood need be no hindrance of thy faculty, quoth the King. O my dread Sovereign, said Jack, honour and worship may be compared to the Lake of Lethe, which makes men forget themselves that taste thereof; and to the end I may still keep in mind from whence I came, and what I am, I beseech your Grace let me rest in my russet coat a poor Clothier to my dying day. Seeing then (said the King) that a mans mind is a Kingdom to himself, I will leave thee to the riches of thy own content, and so farewell. The Queens Majesty taking her leave of the good Wife with a Princely kiss, gave her in token of remembrance a most precious and rich Diamond set in Gold, about the which was also curiously set six Rubies and six Emeralds in one piece, valued at nine hundred Marks, and so her Grace departed. But in this mean space Will Summers kept company among the Maids, and betook himself to spinning as they did, which then was held as a forfeit of a gallon of wine: but William by no means would pay, except they would take it out in kisses, rating every kiss at a farthing. This payment we refuse for two causes, quoth the Maids: the one, because we esteem not kisses at so base a rate: and the other, because in so doing we should give as much as you.

### CHAP. IV.

How the Maids served Will Summers for his sawciness.

THE Maidens consented together, seeing Will Summers was so busy both with their work and in his words, and would not pay his forfeit, to serve him as he served them: first therefore they bound him hand and feet, and set him upright against a post, tying him

## The pleasant History

him thereto, which he took in ill part; notwithstanding he could not resist them: and because he let his tongue run at random, they let a fast gag in his mouth, such a one as he could not for his life put away: so that he stood as one gaping for wind. Then one of them got a couple of dogs droppings, and putting them in a bag, laid them in soles in a basin of water, while the rest turned down the collar of his Jerkin, and put an Oast-cloth about his neck instead of a fine towel: then came the other maid with a basin, and water in the same, and with the persimne in the pudding-bag slapt him about the face and lips till he look't like a tawny-moor, and with her hand wash't him very cleanly. The smell being somewhat strong, Will could by no means abide it, and for want of other language, cried, Ah ah ah ah. Fain he would have spet, and could not, so that he was faine to swallow down such liquour as he never tasted the like. When he had a pretty while been washed in this sort, at length he croucht down upon his knees, pulling the gag out of his mouth. He had no longer the liberty of his tongue, but he curst and swore like a Devil. The maids that could scant stand for laughing, at last askt how he liked his washing? Gods ounds, quoth he, I was never thus wash't, nor never met with such Bathes since I was born: let me go, quoth he, and I will give you whatsoever you will demand; therewith he cast them an English-crown. Nay, quoth one of the maids, you are yet but wash't, but we will have you ere you go. Sweet maids, quoth he, pardon my shaming, let it suffice that you have wash't me: if I have done a trespass to your trade, forgive it me, and I will never hereafter offend you. Truly, said the maids, you have made our wheels cast their bands, and humst the teeth of our cards in such sort, as the offence may not be remitted without great penance. As for your Gold, we regard it not: therefore as you are perswaded fit for the dogs, so we enjoyn you this night to serve all our hogs; which penance if you will swear with all speed to perform, we will let thee loose. O, quoth Will, the huge Elephant was never more fearful of the silly thrap, then I am of your displeasures: therefore let me loose, and I will do it with all diligence. Then they embound him, and brought him among a great company of Swine, which when Will had well viewed over, he dyed out of the Yard all the Sows. Why how now, quoth the maids, what mean you by this? Harry quoth Will, these be all Sows, and my penance is but to serve

## of Jack of Newbery.

the Hogs. Is it true, quoth they? have you overtaken us in this sort? Well, look there be not one Hog unserved we would advise you. Will Summers strip't up his clothes very orderly, and clapt an apron about his motly hosen, and-taking a pail, served the Hogs very handlemely: when he had given them all meat, he said thus:

My task is duly done,

My liberty is won;

The Hogs have ear their cabs,

Therefore farewell you drabs.

Day soke friend, quoth they, the veriest Hog of all hath yet had nothing. Where the Devil is he, said Will, that I see him not? Wap in a metley Jerkin, quoth they; take thy self by the nose, and thou shalt catch him by the snout. I was never so very a hog, quoth he, but I could alway spare from my own belly to give a tooman. If thou do not (say they) eat (like the prodigal child) with thy fellow hogs, we will so shave thee, that thou shalt dearly repent thy disobedience. He seeing no remedy, committed himself to their mercy, and so they let him go. When he came to the Court, he shew'd to the King all his adventures among the Weaver's maidens, whereat the King and Queen laughed heartily.

### CHAP. V.

Of the Pictures which Jack of Newbery had in his house, whereby he encouraged his Servants to seek for fame and dignity.

**I**n a fair and large Parlor, which was plain-coated round about, Jack of Newbery had sixteen fair Pictures hanging, which were covered with Curtains of green silk, fringed with gold: which he would often shew to his friends and servants. In the first was the picture of a shepherd, before whom kneeled a great King named Viriath, who sometime governed the people of Portugal. See here, quoth Jack, the Father of a shepherd, the Son a Sovereign. This man ruled in Portugal, and made great Wars against the Romans, and after that invaded Spain, yet in the end was traiterously slain.

The next was the Portraiture of Agathocles, which for his surpassing wisdom and manhood, was created King of Sicily, and maintained battel against the people of Carthage. His father was a poor Potter, before whom he also kneeled. And it was the use of this King,

that

## The pleasant History

that whensoever he made a banquet, he would have as well vessels of earth as of gold set upon the table, to the intent he might always bear in mind the place of his beginning, his fathers house and family.

The third was the Picture of Iphicrates an Athenian boyn, who banquished the Lacedemonians in plain and open battel. This man was Captain General to Artaxerxes, King of Persia, whose Father was notwithstanding a Cobler, and there likewise pictured. Eumenes was also a famous Captain to Alexander the great, whose Father was no other then a Carter. The fourth was the similitude of Elius Pertinax, sometime Emperoz of Rome, yet was his Father but a Weaver: and afterward to give example to others of low condition to bear minds of worthy men, he caused the shop to be beautified with Marble curiously cut, wherein his Father before him was wont to get his living.

The fifth was the picture of Dioclesian, that so much adorne Rome with his magnifical and triumphant victories. This was a most famous Emperoz, although no other then the Son of a Book-binder.

Valentinian stood the next, painted most artificially: who also was crowned Emperoz, and was but the Son of a poor Rope-maker, as in the same picture was expressed, where his Father was painted by him using of his trade.

The seventh was the Emperoz Probus, whose Father being a Gardener was pictured by him holding a Spade.

The eighth picture was of Marcus Aurelius, whom every age honoureth, he was both a wise and prudent Emperoz, and yet but a Cloth weavers Son.

The ninth was the proportion of the valiant Emperoz Maximinius, the Son of a Black-Smith, who was there painted, as he was wont, to work at the Anvil.

In the tenth Table was painted the Emperoz Gabienus, who at the first was but a poor Shepherd.

Next to his picture was placed the Pictures of two Popes of Rome, whose wisdom and learning advanced them to that dignity. The first was the lively counterfeite of Pope John the twenty two, whose Father was a Shoemaker: he being elected Pope, increased their rents and patrimony greatly.

The other was the picture of Pope Sixtus, the fourth of that name, being a poor Harricners Son.

The thirtieth picture was of Lamusius, King of Lombardi, who was



## of Jack of Newbery.

was not better then the Son of a common Strumpet; being painted like a naked child walking in water, and taking hold of the point of a Lance, by the which he hung fast, and saved himself. The reason whereof is this: After his lewd Mother was delivered of him, she unnaturally threw him into a deep stinking ditch, wherein was some water. By hap King Agilm did pass that way, and found this child almost drowned, who moving him somewhat with the point of his Lance, better to perceive what he was; the child (though newly born) took hold thereof with one of his pretty hands, not suffering it to slide or slip away again: which thing the Prince considering, being amazed at the strange force of this young little infant, caused it to be taken up, and carefully to be fostered; and because the place where he found it was called Lam, he named the child Lamatius: who after grew to be so brave a man, and so much honoured of Fortune, that in the end he was crowned King of the Lombards, who lived there in honour, and in succession after him, even unto the time of the unfortunate King Albovino, when all came to ruine, subversion and destruction.

In the fourteenth picture, Brimillas King of Bohemia, was most officious drawn, before whom there stood an horse without bridle or saddle, in a field where Husbandmen were at Plough. The cause why this King was thus painted (quoth Jack) was this. At that time the King of the Bohemians died without issue; and great strife being among the Nobility for a new King, at length they all consented that a horse should be let into the field without bridle or saddle, having all determined with a most assured purpose to make him their King, before whom this horse rested. At what time it came to pass, that the horse first staid himself before this Brimillas, being a simple creature, who then was busie driving the Plough. They presently made him their Sovereign, who ordered himself and his Kingdom very wisely: he ordained many good Laws, he compassed the City of Prague with strong walls, besides many other things meriting perpetual laud and commendations.

The sixteenth was the picture of Theraphastus, a Philosopher, a Counsellor of Kings, and companion of Peables, who was but the Son of a Taylor. Seeing then my good servants, that these men have been advanced to high estate and Princely dignities, by wisdom, learning and diligence, I would wish you to imitate the like vertues, that you might attain the like honours, for which of you doth know what  
god.

## The pleasant History

good fortune God hath in store for you? there is none of you so poorly toyn, but that man of baser birth shalbe come to great honour: the idle hand shall ever go in a ragged garment, and the slothful live in reproach: but such as do lead a virtuous life, and govern themselves discretely, shall of the best be esteemed, and spend their days in credit.

### CHAP. VI.

How all the Clothiers in *England* joined together, and with one consent complained to the King of their great hinderance sustained for want of Traffick into other Countries; whereupon they could get no sale for their Cloth.

**B**y means of the Wars our King had with other Countries, many Merchant strangers were prohibited for coming to *England*, and also our own Merchants (in like sort) were forbidden to have dealing with France or the Low-countries; by means whereof, the Clothiers had most of their cloth lying on their hand, and that which they sold was at so low a rate, that the money scarcely paid for the wool and workman's tip. Whereupon they thought to ease themselves by abating the poor workmens wages: and when that did not prevaile, they turned away their people, Weavers, Shearmen, Spinners and Carders; so that where there was a hundred Looms kept in one Town, there was scarce fifty, and he that kept twenty put down ten. Many a poor man (for want of work) was hereby undone, with his wife and children, and it made many a poor widow to sit with an hungry belly. This bred great woe in most places in *England*. In the end Jack of Newbury, intended (in the behalf of the poor) to make a supplication to the King: and to the end he might do it the more effectually, he sent Letters to all the chief clothing Towns in *England*, to this effect.

#### *The Letter.*

**W**elbelov'd Friends and Brethren, having a taste of the general grief, and feeling (in some measure) the extremity of the times, I fell into consideration by what means we might best expell these sorrows, and recover our former commodity. When I had well thought thereon, I found that nothing was more needful herein than a faithful unity among our selves. This sore of necessity can no way be cured but by concord: for like as the flame consumes the candle, so men through discord waste themselves. The poor hate the rich, because they will not let them on work: and the rich hate the poor, because they seem burthenous: so that both are offended for want of gain. When *Belinus* and *Brennus* were at strife, the Queen their Mother in their greatest fury perswaded them to peace, by urging her conception of them in one womb, and mutual cherishing of them

## The Jack of Newbery.

them from their tender years, so let our Art of Cloathing, which, like a kind Mother, hath cherished us with the excellency of her secrets, persuade us to an unity. Though our occupation be decayed, let us not deal with it as men do by their old shoes, which after they have long born them out of the mire, do in the end fling them on the dunghill, or as the Husbandman doth by his Bees, who for their Honey burns them. Dear friends, consider that our Trade will maintain us; if we uphold it, and there is nothing base, but that which is basely used. Assemble therefore your selves together, and in every Town tell the number of those that have their living by means of this trade: note it in a Bill, and send to me. And because Suits in Courts are like Winter-nights, long and wearisome, let there be in each place a weekly collection made to defray charges: for I tell you, Noblemens Secretaries and cunning Lawyers have slow tongues and deaf ears: which must daily be anointed with the sweet oyl of Angels. Then let two honest discreet men be chosen, and sent out of every Town to meet me at Blackwell-Hall in London, on All-Saints Eve, and then we will present our humble Petition to the King: Thus I bid you heartily farewell.

Copies of this Letter being sealed, they were sent to all the Cloathing Towns of England, the Weavers both of Linnen and Woollen gladly received them; so that when all the Bills were brought together, there were found of the Cloathiers, and those they maintained, threescore thousand and six hundred persons. Moreover, every Cloathing Town sending up two men to London, they were found to be 112 persons, who in very humble sort fell down before his Majesty, walking in St. James his Park, and delivered unto him their Petition. The King presently perusing it, asked if they were all Cloathiers? who answered (as if were one man in this sort: We are (most gracious King) all poor Cloathiers, and your Majesties faithfull subjects: My Lords, quoth the King, let these mens complaint be thoroughly lookt unto, and their grief redressed, for I account them in the number of the best Commonwealths men. As the Clergy for the Soul, the Souldier for defence of his Country, the Lawyer to execute Justice, the Husbandman to feed the Belly: so is the skillful Cloathier no less necessary for the cloathing of the Back; whom we may reckon among the chief Peomen of our Land: And as the Chyrral sight of the eye is tenderly to be kept from harins, because it gives to the whole body light; so is the Cloathier, whose cunning hand provides garments to defend our naked parts from the Winters nipping frost. Many more reasons there are which may move us to redress their griefs, but let it suffice that I command to have it done. Thus that his Grace delivered the Petition to the Lord Chancellor. and all the Cloathiers cryed, God save the King. But as the King was ready to depart, he suddenly turned about, saying, I remember there is one Jack of Newbery,

## The pleasant History

bery, I muse he had not his hand in this business, who profess himself to be a defender of true labourers. Then, said the Duke of Sommerset, it may be his purse is answerable for his person. Pay (quoth the Lord Cardinal) all his treasure is little enough, to maintain wars against the Lutterlies: with that Jack shewed himself unto the King, and privately told his Grace of their grief anew. To whom his Majesty said, Give thy attendance at the Council-chamber; where thou shalt receive an answer to thy content. And so his Highness departed. Finally, it was agreed that the Merchants should freely traffick one with another; and the Proclamation thereof should be made as well on the other side of the Sea, as in our Land. But it was long before this was effected, by reason the Cardinal being Lord Chancellor, put off the matter from time to time. And because the Cloathiers thought it best not to depart before it was ended, they gave their daily attendance at the Cardinals house, but spent many days to no purpose. Sometime they were answered my Lord was busie, and could not be spoken withal: or else he was asleep, and they durst not awake him: or at his study, and they would not disturb him: or at his prayers, and they durst not displease him: and still one thing or other stood in the way to hinder them. At last Patch the Cardinals fool, being (by their often repair thither) well acquainted with the Cloathiers, came unto them and said, What have you not spoken with my Lord yet? Do truly (quoth they) we hear say he is busie, and we stay till his Grace be at leisure. Is it true, said Patch? and with that in all haste he went out of the Hall, and at last came in again with a great bundle of straw on his back. Why how now Patch (quoth the Gentlemen) what wilt do with that straw? Harry (quoth he) I will put it under these honest mens feet, lest they should chafe ere they find my Lord at leisure. This made them all to laugh: and they caused Patch to carry away his straw again. Well, well (quoth he) if it cost you a groats-worth of faggots at night, blame not me. Trust me (said Jack of Newbery) if my Lord Cardinals Father had been no hastier in killing of Calves, then he is in dispatching of poor mens Suits, I doubt he had never worn a Mytter. This he spake betwixt themselves softly, but yet not so softly, but that he was overheard by a flattering fellow that stood by, who made it known to some of the Gentlemen, and they straight certified the Cardinal thereof.

The Cardinal (who was of a very high spirit and lofty aspiring mind) was marvellously displeased at Jack of Newbery: wherefore in his rage he commanded and sent the Cloathiers all to prison, because

the

## Of Jack of Newbery.

the one of them should not sue for the others releasement. Four days lay these men in the Marshalsey, till at last they made their humble Petition to the King for their release: but some of the Cardinals friends kept it from the Kings sight. Notwithstanding the Duke of Sommer-set knowing thereof, spake with the Lord Cardinal about the matter, wishing he should speedily release them lest it bred him some displeasure: for you may perceive (quoth the Duke) how highly the King esteems men of that faculty. Sir (quoth the Cardinal) I doubt not but to answer their imprisonment well enough, being perswaded that none would have given me such a quip but an Hereticke: and I dare warrant you, were this Jack of Newbery well examined, he would be found to be infected with Luther's Spirit, against whom our King hath of late written a most learned Book: in respect whereof the Pope's Holiness hath intituled his Majesty Defender of the Faith: therefore I tell you, such fellows are fitter to be faggots for fire, than fathers of families: notwithstanding (at your Grace's request) I will release them. Accordingly the Cardinal sent for the Clothiers before him to Whitehall, his new-built house by Westminster, and there bestowing his blessing upon them, said, Though you have offended me, I pardon you: for as Stephen forgave his enemies that stoned him, and our Saviour those sinful men that crucified him: so I do forgive you that high trespass committed in disgrace of my birth; for herein do men come nearest unto God, in shewing mercy and compassion. But see hereafter you offend no more, touching your suit it is granted, and to morrow shall be published through London. This being said, they departed: and according to the Cardinal's words, their business was ended. The Silward Merchants joyful hereof, made the Clothiers a great banquet. After which each man departed home, carrying thosings of their good thanks: so that in short space Cloathing again was very good, and poor men as well set on work as before.

## C H A P. VII.

How a young Italian Merchant coming to Jack of Newbery's house, was greatly enamoured of one of his Maidens; and how he was served.

**A**mong other Servants which Jack of Newbery kept, there were in his house threescore Maidens, which every Sunday waited on his Wife to Church, and home again, who had divers offices. Among other, two were appointed to keep the beams and weights to weigh out Wool to the Carders and Spinners, and to receive it in again by weight,

## The pleasant History

weight, one of them was a comely Maiden fair and lovely, boyn of wealthy parents, and brought up in good qualities, her name was Jone. So it was that a young wealthy Italian Merchant, coming out from London thither to bargain for Cloth (for at that time Clothiers most commonly had their cloth bespoke, and half paid for aforesaid.) This Master Bennedick fell greatly enamoured of this Maiden, and therefore offered much courtesie to her, bestowing many gifts on her, which she received thankfully: and albeit his outward countenance shewed his inward affection, yet Jone would take no knowledge thereof. Half the day sometime would he sit by her, as he was weighing Wool, often sighing and sobbing to himself, yet saying nothing, as if he had been tongueless, like the men of Coromande, and the lother to speak, for that he could speak but bad English. Jone on the other side, that well perceived his passions, did as it were triumph over him, as one that were bondslave to her beauty; and although she knew well enough before that she was fair, yet did she never so highly esteem of herself as at this present: so that when she heard him either sigh, sob, or groane, she would turn her face in a careless sort, as if she had been boyn (like the woman of Taprobane) without care. When master Bennedick saw she made no reckoning of his sorrows, at length he blabber'd out this broken English, and spake to her in this sort, *Metrissa Jone, be me tra & la, me love you woth all mine heart, and if you nothall love me again, me know me shall die: sweet Metrissa love me; and by my fa and tra you shall lack nothing: First, me will give you de sick for make you a Frog. Second, de sin Camie for make y u ruffs, and de rurd shall be for make sin handkerchief, for wipe your nose. She mistaking his speech began to be cholerick, wishing him to keep that God kin to pick his teeth. Ho, ho, Metrissa Jone (quoth he) be Got ye angry. O Metrissa Jone be no chafe with your friend for nothing. God sin (quoth she) keep your friendship for them that care for it, and fir your love on those that can like you: As for me I tell you plain, I am minded not to marry. O tis no matter for marry, if you will come in my chamb.r, besit my bed and let me kiss you. The Maid, though she were very much displeased, yet at these words she could not forbear laughing for her life. A, ah, Metrissa Jone, me be very glad to see you merry. hold Metrissa Jone, hold your hand I say, and there is four Crowns to cause you laugh on me. I pray you Sir keep your Crowns, for I need them not. Yes be Got you shall have them, Metrissa Jone, to keep in pox for you. She that could not well understand his broken language,*



## of Jack of Newbery.

language, mistok his meaning in many things, and therefore will d  
him not to trouble her any more. Forwilt standing, such was his love  
toward her, that he could not forbeare her company, but made many  
journeys thither for her sake: and as a certain Spring in Arcadia  
moves men to sleepe that drinke of it: so did poor Benn dick, feeding  
his fancy on her beauty: for when he was in London, he did nothing  
but sorrow, wishing he had wings like the Monsters of Tartaria, that  
he might fly to and fro at his pleasure. When any of his friends did  
tell her of his ardent affection toward her, she wist them to rub him  
with the sweat of a Mule, to allwage his amorous passion: or to fetch  
him some water in Boetica, to cool and extinguish the heat of his affec-  
tion: for, quoth she, let him never hope to be helpt by me. Well, quoth  
they, before he saw thy alluring face, he was a man reasonable and  
wise, but is now a stark fool, being by thy beauty bereft of wit, as if  
he had drunk of the Miber Cys, and like bewitching Circes, thou hast  
certainly transformed him from a Man to an Ass. There be stones  
in Pontus, quoth they, that the deeper they be laid in the water, the  
fiercer they burn: unto the which fond Lovers may very fitly be com-  
pared, who the more they are denied, the hotter is their desire: but see-  
ing it is so, that he can find no favour at your hands, we will shew  
him what you have said, and either draw him from his dumps, or lea-  
ve him to his own will. Then spake one of the Weavers that dwelt in  
the Town, and was a kinsman to this Maid. I muse (quoth he) that  
Master Bennedick will not be perswaded, but like the North play with  
the flame till he scorch his wings. Methinks he should forbeare to love,  
or learn to speak, or else were such as can answer him in his own lan-  
guage: for I tell you that I love my kinswoman is no taste for an Itali-  
an. These speeches were told to Bennedick with no small addition.  
When our young Merchant heard the matter so plain, he wot'd to be  
reveng'd on the Weaver, and to see if he could find any more friend-  
ship of his wife: therefore dissembling his sorrow, and covering his  
grief, with speed he took his journey to Newbery, and pleasantly salu-  
ted Mistress Jone, and having his purse full of crowns, he was very  
liberal to the workfolke, especially to Jone's kinsman, insomuch that  
he got his labour many times to go forth with him, promising him ve-  
ry largely to do great matters, and to lend him a hundred pound, wist-  
ing him to be a servant no longer: beside, he liberally bestowed on his  
wife many gifts, and if she washt him but a band, he would give her  
an angel: if she did but lend her child for a quart of wine, he would

## The pleasant History

gave him a shilling for his pains. The which his curtesie changed the Weaver's mind, saying, he was a very honest Gentleman, and worthy to have one far better than his kinswoman.

This pleased Master Bennedick well to hear them say so, notwithstanding he made light of the matter, and many times when the Weaver was at his Masters at work, the Merchant would be at home with his wife, drinking and making merry. At length time bringing acquaintance, and often conference breeding familiarity, Mr. Bennedick began somewhat boldly to jest with Gillian, saying that her sweet countenance had quite reclaimed his love from Jone, and that she only was the Mistress of his heart; and if he would send him her love, he would give her gold from Arabia, orient pearls from India, and make her bracelets of precious diamonds. Thy garments shall be of the finest silk that is made in Venice; and thy purse shall be still stufft with angels. Tell me thy mind, my love, and kill me not with unkindness, as did thy scornful kinswoman, whose disdain had almost cost me my life. O Mr. Bennedick, think not that the wives of England can be won by rewards, or inticed with false words, as children are with plums: it may be that you being merrily disposed, do speak this to try my constancy. Know then, that I esteem more the honour of my good name, then the sliding wealth of the World. Master Bennedick hearing her say so, desired her, that considering it was love that forced his tongue to betray his hearts affection, that yet she would be secret, and so for that time took his leave. When he was gone, the woman began to call her wits together, and consider of her poor estate, and withal, better to note the comeliness of the person, and the sweet favour of her face: which when she had well thought upon, she began to harbour new thoughts, and to entertain contrary affections, saying, Shall I content my self to be wapt in sheeps rutter, that may dwell in silk, and sit all day a carding for a groat, that may have crowns at my command? No, quoth she, I will no more bear so base a mind, but take Fortunes favours while they are to be had. The sweet Rose doth flourish but one month, nor Womens beauty but in young years: as the Winters frost consumes the Summers flowers, so doth old age banish pleasant delight. O glorious Gold, quoth she, how sweet is thy smell: how pleasing is thy sight? Thou subduest Princes, and overthrowest Kingdoms, then how should a silly woman withstand thy strength? Thus she rested meditating on preferment, minding to hazard her honesty to maintain her self in bravery, even as traders corrupt their consciences to gather riches.

Within

## of Jack of Newbery.

Within a day or two, Master Bennedick came to her again, on whom she cast a smiling countenance. He perceiving that (according to his old custome) sent for Wine, and very merry they were. At last, in the midst of their cups, he cast out his former question: and after further conference she yielded, and appointed a time when he should come to her: for which purpose he gave her half a dozen of Portingues: within an hour or two after, entering into her own conscience, thinking how sinfully she had sold her self to folly, she began thus to expostulate. Good Lord, quoth she, shall I break that holy vow which I made in marriage, and pollute my body which the Lord hath sanctified? Can I break the Commandment of my God, and not rest accursed? or be a traitor to my husband, and suffer no shame? I heard once my Brother read in a book, that Bucephalus, Alexander's steed, being a beast, would not be backt by any but the Emperour, and shall I consent to any but my husband? Artemisia, being a Heathen Lady, loved her husband so well, that she drunk up his ashes, and buried him in her own bowels: and should I, being a Christian, cast my husband out of my heart? the women of Rome were wont to crown their husbands heads with bays, in token of victory, and shall I give my husband thorns in token of infamy? An harlot is hated of all virtuous people, and shall I make my self a whore? O my God, forgive my sin, quoth she, and cleanse my heart from these wicked imaginations. And as she was thus lamenting, her husband came home. At whose sight her tears were doubled like a River, whose stream is increased by the showers of rain. Her husband seeing this, would needs know the cause of her sorrow: but a great while she would not shew him, casting many a piteous look upon him, and shaking her head, at last she said, O my dear husband, I have offended against God and thee, and made such a trespass by tongue, as hath cut a deep scar in my conscience, and wounded my heart with grief, like a sword, like Penelope so have I been wowed, but like Penelope I have not answered: Why woman, quoth he, what is the matter? If it be but the bare offence of the tongue, why shouldst thou grieve, considering that womens tongues are like lambs tails, which seldom stand still: And the Wise man saith, Where much talk is, much needs be some offence. Womens beauties are fair marks for wandering eyes to shoot at: but as every Archer hits not the white, so every Womans wins not his misters labour. All Cities that are besieged, are not sackt, nor all women to be mistak't that are loved. Why wife? I am perswaded thy faith is more firm, and thy constancy

► greater.

## The pleasant History

greater to withstand lovers assaults, than any other but my self should obtain the fortress of thy heart. O sweet husband (quoth she) we be the strongest Tower at length fallerth down by the Cannons force, though the bullets be but Iron: then how can the weak linwork of womans breast make resistance, when the hot Cannons of deep persuading words shot off with golden bullets, and every one as big as a Portigue? If it be so, wife, I may think my self in very good case, and you to be a very honest woman. As Mars and Venus danc'd naked together in a net, so I would you and some knave plaide naked together in a bed: but in faith you can, I will send thee to salute thy friends without a nose, and as thou hast sold thy honesty, so I will sell thy company. Sweet husband, though I have promised, I have performed nothing: every lagain is not effected. And therefore as Judas brought again the thirty silver plates, for the which he betrayed his Master: so repenting my folly, I'le cast him again his gold, for which I should have wronged my husband. Tell me (quoth her husband) what he is? It is Mr. Bennedick, quoth she, which for my love hath lost the love of our kinswoman, and hath upped himself for ever to be my servant. O dissembling Italian, quoth he, I will be repanged on him for this wrong. I know that any favour from Jone our kinswoman, will make him run like a man bitten with a mad dog: therefore he ruled by me, and thou shalt see me dress him in his kind. The woman was very well pleased, saying, he would be there that night. All this works well with me, quoth her husband, and to supper I will invite Jone our kinswoman, and in the mean space make up the bed in the Parlor very decently. So the good man went forth, and got a sleepy drench from the Apothecaries, the which he gave to a young Sow which he had in his Paro, and in the evening laid her down in the Parlor drawing the curtains round about. Supper-time being come, Mr. Bennedick gave his attendance, looking for no other company then the good wife: Notwithstanding, at the last Mrs. Jone came in with her kinswoman, and sat down to supper with them. Mr. Bennedick musing at their sudden approach, yet nevertheless glad of Mrs. Jone's company, past Supper-time with many pleasant conceits. Jone knowing her self that night more pleasant in his company then at any time before: therefore he gave the good man great thanks. Good Mr. Bennedick, little do you think how I have travelled in your behalf with my kinswoman, as much ado I had to bring that peevish Wench into any good liking of your love: notwithstanding, by my great diligence and persuasions, I did at length win

## of Jack of Newbery.

win her good will to come hither, little thinking to find you here, or any such good cheer to entertain her, all which I see so fallen out for your profit. But trust me; all the world cannot alter her mind, nor turn her love from you: In regard whereof she hath promised me this night to lye in my house, for the great desire she hath of your good company: and in requital of your great courtesies shew'd to me, I am very well content to bring you to bed. HARRY this you must consider; and so she had me tell you, that you should come to bed with as little noise as you could, and tumble nothing that you find, for fear of her best Gown, and her Hat, which she will lay hard by her beds side, next her best partlet, and in so doing you may have company with her all night, say nothing in any case till you be a bed. O, quoth he, Maie Jan, be Got Maie Jan, me will not spoil her cloaths for towmand pound, ah me I love Metre Jone more than my life. Well, Supper being done, they rose from the table, Mr. Bennedick embracing Mrs. Jone; thank't her for her great courtesie and company, and then the good man and he walkt into the Town, and Jone hied her home to her Masters, knowing nothing of the intended self. Mr. Bennedick thought every hour twain till the Sun was down, and that he were a bed with his beloved. At last he had his wish, and home he came to his friend's house. Then said John, Mr. Bennedick, you must not in any case have a candle when you go into the chamber, for then my kinswoman will be very angry, and dark places fit best lovers desires. O Maie Jan, quoth he, 'tis no such matter for light, me shall find Metre Jone well enough in the dark. And entring in the Parlor groping about, he felt a Gown and Hat. O Metre Jone (quoth he) here is your Gown and Hat, me shall no hurt for a thousand pound. Then kneeling down by the beds side, instead of Mrs. Jone, he saluted the Soto in this sort. O my love, and my delight, it is thy fair face that hath wounded my heart, thy gray sparkling eyes; and thy lilly white hands, with the comely proportion of thy pretty body, that made me in seeking thee to forget my self, and to find thy favour lose my own freedom: but now is the time wherein I shall reap the fruits of a plentiful harvest: Now, my dear, from thy sweet mouth let me suck the honey-balm of thy breath, and with my hand stroke those Rosie cheeks of thine, wherein I have took such pleasure. Come with thy pretty lips, and entertain me in thy bed with one gentle kiss (why speak'st not, my sweet-heart?) and stretch forth thy Alabaster arms to inclose thy faithful friend. Why should ill-pleasing sleep close up the Chrystal windows of thy body so fast, and breade thee

## The pleasant History

of thy fine Lordly attendants, wherewith thou wert wont to salute thy friends? Let it not offend thy gentle ears that I thus talk to thee. If thou hast vowed not to speak, I will not break it: and if thou wilt command me to be silent, I will be dumb: but thou needest not fear to speak thy mind: seeing the cloudy night concealeth every thing. By this time Mr. Bennedick was unready, and slept into bed, where the Soto lay swathed in a shirt, and her head bound in a great linnen cloth. As soon as he was laid, he began to embrace his new bedfellow, and laying his lips somewhat near her snout, he felt her draw her breath very short. Why how now love (quoth he, be you sick? Metre Jone, your breath be very strong: have you no cak a bed? The Soto feeling her self disturbed, began to grunt and keep a great stir: whereat Mr. Bennedick (like a mad-man) ran out of bed crying, De divel, de divel. The good man of the house (being purposely provided) came rushing with half a dozen of his neighbours, asking what was the matter: Poh met (qu. Bennedick) here be de great devil cry hoh, hoh, hoh, be Gossen I tink de play the knave wid me, and me will be revenged on de. Sir, quoth he, I knowing you love Mutton, thought Pork not unfit, and therefore provided you a whole Soto; and as you like this entertainment, spend Portugues: Walk, walk, Barkshire maids will be no Italians Strumpets, nor the wives of Newbery theist bawds. Barkshire dog (quoth Bennedick) owl face, shack hang dog and thy vief, have it not be for my love to sweet Metre Jone, I will no come in your houze: but far-wel till I cash you, I shall make your hog nose bud. The good man and his neighbours laughing aloud, away went Mr. Bennedick, and for very shame departed from Newbery before day.

### C H A P. VIII.

*How Jack of Newbery keeping a very good house, both for his Servants and relief of the Poor, won great credit thereby; and how one of his Wives Gossips found fault therewith.*

**G**OOD morrow Gossip, now by my truly I am glad to see you in health, I pray you how dorth Mr. Winchcomb? What never a great belly yet? now by, by my fa your Husband is waxt idle. Trust me Gossip, saith Mrs. Winchcomb, a great belly comes sooner then a new coat, but you must consider we have not been long married: but truly Gossip you are welcome; I pray you sit down, and we will have a morsel of something by and by: nay truly Gossip I can not stay, she, indeed I must be gone; for I did but even step in to see how you did.



## of Jack of Newbery.

did. You shall not chuse but stay a while, quoth Mrs. Winchcomb, and with that a fair napkin was laid upon the table in the Parlor, hard by the fire side, whereon was set a fine cold Capon, with a great deal of other good chear: with Ale and Wine plenty: I pray you Gossip eat, and I beshew you if you spare, quoth the one; I thank you heartily, Gossip, said the other. But hear you Gossip, I pray you tell me; doth your husband love you well, and make much of you? yes truly, I thank God, quoth she; now by my truth, said the other, it were a shame for him if he should not: for though I say it before your face, though he has little with you, yet you were as worthy to be as good a mans wife as his. Trust me, I would not change my John for my Lord Marquess, quoth she, a woman can be but well; for I live at hearts ease, and have all things at my will, and truly he will not let me lack any thing. Gods blessing on his heart, quoth her Gossip, it is a good hearing: but I pray you tell me, I heard say your husband is chosen for our Burges in the Parliament-house, is it true? Yes verily, qd. his wife. I wis it is against his will, for it will be no small charges unto him. Tush woman, what talk you of that, thanks be to God, there is never a Gentleman in all Berkshire that is better able to bear it. But here you, Gossip, shall I be so bold to ask you one question more? Yes, with all my heart, quoth she. I heard say that your husband would now put you in your Hood and silk Gown; I pray you is it true? Yes, in truth, qd. Mrs. Winchcomb, but far against my mind Gossip: my French-hood is bought already, and my silk Gown is a making: likewise the Goldsmith hath brought home my chain and bracelets: but I assure you, Gossip, if you will believe me, I had rather go an hundred miles then wear them: for I shall be so ashamed, that I shall not look upon my neighbours for blushing. And why, I pray you, quoth her Gossip? I tell you, dear woman, you need not be any whit abashed, or blush at the matter, especially seeing your husband's estate is able to maintain it: now trust me, truly, I am of opinion, you will become it singular well. Alas, qd. Mrs. Winchcomb, having never been used to such attire, I shall not know where I am, nor how to behave my self in it: and beside, my complexion is so black, that I shall carry but an ill-favoured countenance under a Hood. Now without doubt (quoth her Gossip) you are to blame to say so, beshew my heart if I speak it to flatter, you are a very fair and well-favoured young woman, as any is in Newbery. And never fear your behaviour in your Hood: for I tell you true, as old and withered as I am my self, I could become a Hood

## The pleasant History

well enough, and behabe my self as well in such attire as any other whatsoeber, and I would not learn at neber a one of them all: What, woman, I have been a pretty Wenche in my days, and seen some fashions, therefore you need not fear, seeing both your beauty and comely personage, deserves no less then a French-hood: and be of good comfort, at the first (possibly) folks will gaze something at you, but be not abashed for that; for it is better they should wonder at your good fortune, then lament at your misery: but when they have seen you two or three times in that attire, they will afterward little respect it: for every new thing at the first seems rare, but being a little used, it grows common. Surely, Gossip, you say true (quoth she) and I am sure but a fool to be so bashful: it is no shame to use Gods gifts for our credits: and well might my husband think me unworthy to have them, if I would not wear them: and though I say it, my hood is a fair one, as any woman wears in the Country, and my gold chain and bracelets are none of the worst sort, and I will shew them you, because you shall give your opinion upon them: therewith she stept into her chamber and fetcht them forth. When her Gossip saw them, she said, now beheld my fingers, but these are fair ones indeed. And when to you mean to wear them, Gossip? At Whitsonside (quoth she) if God spare me life. I wish that well you may wear them, said her Gossip; and I would I were worthy to be with you when you dress your self, it should be neber the worse for you: I would order the matter so, that you should let every thing about you in such sort, as neber a Gentlewoman of them all should stain you. Mrs. Winchcon b gave her great thanks for her favour, saying, that if she needed her help, she would be bold to send for her. Then began her Gossip to turn her tongue to another tune, and now to blame her for her good house-keeping. And thus she began: Gossip, you are but a young woman, and one that hath had no great experience of the world; in my opinion you are something too lavish in your expences: pardon me, good Gossip, I speak but for good will; and because I love you, I am the more bold to admonish you: I tell you plain, were I the Mistress of such a house, having such large allowance as you have, I would save twenty pound a year that you spend to no purpose. Which way might that be, quoth Mrs. Winchcon? Indeed I am but a green huswife, and one that hath had but a small tryal in the world, therefore I should be very glad to learn any thing that were for my husband's profit, and my comodity. Then listen to me, quoth she: You see you folks with the best of the Beef, and the finest of the Wheat, which

in

## of Jack of Newbery.

in my opinion is a great oversight. Neither do I hear of any Knight in this Country that doth it; and to say the truth, how were they able to bear that pox which they do, if they saved it not by some means? Come thither, and I warrant you that you shall see but brown bread on the board: if it be Wheat and Rye mingled together, it is a great matter, and the bread highly commended: but most commonly they eat Barley-bread, Rye mingled with Pease, and such like coarse grain: which is doubtless but of small price, and there is no other bread allowed, except at their own board. And in like manner for their meat, it is well known that necks and points of Beef is their ordinary fare: which because it is commonly lean, they seeth therewith now and then a piece of Bacon or Pork, whereby they make their Pottage fat, and therewith dresse out the rest with more content. And thus must you do; and beside that, the Withers of the Oxen, and the cheeks, the Sheeps heads, and the Gathers, which you give away at your gate, might serve them well enough, which would be a great sparing to your other meat, and by this means you would save in the year much money, whereby you might the better maintain your Hood and Silk Gown. Again, you serve your folks with such superfluity, that they spoil in a manner as much as they eat: Believe me, were I the Dame, they should have things more sparingly, and then they would think it more dainty. Trust me Gossip (quoth Mrs. Winchcomb) I know your words in many things to be true: for my folks are so corn-fed, that we have much ado to please them in their diet: one doth say, this is too fat, and twenty faults they will find at their meals: I warrant you they make such parings of their cheese, and keep such chipping of their bread, that their very orts would serve two or three honest folks to their dinner. And from whence I pray you proceeds that (quoth her Gossip) but of too much plenty: But in faith were they my servants, I would make them glad of the worst crumb they cast away, and thereupon I drink to you, and I thank you for my good cheer with my heart; much good may it do you, good Gossip, said Mrs. Winchcomb, and I pray you come this way, let us see you: that you shall verily, quoth she, and so away she went.

After this Mrs. Winchcomb took occasion to give her folks more commons, and coarser meat than they were wont to have: which at length being come to the good man's ear, he was very much offended therewith, saying, I will not have my people thus pincht for their vittuals. Empty platters make greedy stomachs, and where scarcity is kept, hunger is nourished; and therefore, Wife, as you love me, let

## The pleasant History

me have no more of this doings. Husband (quoth she) I would they should have enough; but it is a sin to suffer, and shame to see the spoil they make: I could be very well content to give them their besties full; and that which is sufficient; but it grieves me, to tell you true, to see how coy they are, and the small care they have in wasting of things: and I assure you the whole town crys shame of it, and it hath bred me no small discredit for looking no better to it. Trust me no more, if I was not checkt in my own house about the matter, when my ears did burn to hear what was spoken. Who was it that checkt thee? I pray thee tell me, was it not your old Gossip, Dame dainty, Mistresse trip and go? I believe it was. Why man, if it were she, you know she hath ben an old house-keeper, and one that hath known the World, and that she told me was for good will. Wife (quoth he) I would not have thee meddle with such light-brain'd housewives, and so I have told thee a good many times, and I cannot get thee to leave her company: Leave her company? why, husband, so long as she is an honest woman, why should I leave her company? she never gave me hurtful counsel in all her life, but always hath ben ready to tell me things for my profit, though you take it not so. Leave her company: I am no girl, I would you should well know, to be taught what company I should keep: Alas, poor soul, this reward she hath for her good will; I wis, I wis, she is more your friend then you are your own. Well, let her be what she will, said her husband, but if she come any more in my house, she were as good no. And therefore take this for a warning, I would advise you: and so away he went.

### C H A P. IX.

How a Draper in London, who owed Jack of Newbery much money, became Bankrupt, whom Jack of Newbery found carrying a Porters basket upon his neck; and how he set him up again at his own cost, which Draper became an Alderman of London.

**T**here was one Randal Pert a Draper, dwelling in Watling-street, that owed Jack of Newbery five hundred pounds at one time, who in the end fell greatly to decay, insomuch that he was cast in prison, and his Wife, with her poor children, turned out of doors. All his creditors, except Winchcomb, had a share of his goods, neither releasing him out of prison so long as he had one penny to satisfy them. But when this rydings was brought to Jack of Newbery's ear, his friends counselled him to lay his action against him. Nay quoth he) if he be not able to pay me when he is at liberty, he will never be able to pay me

## of Jack of Newbery.

me in prison: and therefore it were as good for me to forbear my money without troubling him, as to add more trouble to his grieved heart, and be never the near. Hilery is trodden down by many, and once brought low, they are seldom or never relieved: therefore he shall rest for me untoucht, and I would to God he were clear of all other mens debts, so that I gave him mine to begin the World again: thus lay the poor Draper a long time in prison: in which space his Wife, which before for daintiness would not foul her fingers, nor turn her neck aside, for fear of hurting the sett of her Peckinger, was glad to go about to wash bucks at the Thames side, and to be a Chair-woman in rich mens houses: her soft hand was now hardened with scouring, and instead of gold rings upon her lilly fingers, they were now filled with chaps provoked by the sharp lee, and other dudgeones. At last Mr. Winchcomb being, as you heard, chosen against the Parliament, a Burgess for the Town of Newbery, and coming up to London for the same purpose, when he was allighted at his Inn, he left one of his men there to get a Porter, to bring his Trunk up to the place of his lodging. Poor Randal Pert, which lately before was come out of prison, having no other means of maintenance, became a Porter to carry burthens from one place to another, having an old ragged doublet, and a torn pair of breeches, with his hole out at the heels, and a pair of old broken slip-shoes on his feet, a rope about his middle instead of a girdle, and on his head an old greasie cap, which had so many holes in it, that his hair stared through it: who as soon as he heard one call for a Porter, made answer strait, Here Master, what is it that you would have carried? Harry (quoth he) I would have this Trunk borne to the Spread-eagle at Ivy-bridge. You shall Master (quoth he) but what will you give me for my pains? I will give thee two-pence, for a penny more I will carry it, said the Porter: and so being agreed, away he went with his burthen till he came to the Spread-eagle door, where, on a sudden, espying Mr. Winchcomb standing he call down the Trunk, and ran away as fast as ever he could. Mr. Winchcomb wondering what he meant thereby, caused his man to run after him, and to fetch him again: but when he saw one pursue him, he ran the faster, and in running, here he lost one of his slip shoes, and there another, ever looking behind him, like a man pursued with a deadly weapon, fearing every twinkling of an eye to be thrust thorow. At length his breeches being tied but with one point, what with the haste he made, and the weakness of the thong, they fell about his heels: which so shackled him,

## The pleasant History

that down he fell in the street all along, sweating and blowing, being quite worn out of breath: and so by this means the Serbing-man overtook him, and taking him by the clawe, being as windless as the other, stood blowing and puffing a great while ere they could speak one to another. Sirra, quoth the Serbing-man, you must come to my Master, you have broken his Trunk all to pieces, by letting it fall. O, for Gods sake, quoth he, let me go, for Christs sake let me go, or else Master Winchcomb of Newbery will arrest me, and then I am undone for ever. Now by this time Jack of Newbery had caused his Trunk to be carried into the house, and then he walked along to know what the matter was; but when he heard the Porter say that he would arrest him, he wondred greatly, and having quite forgot Pert's labour, being so greatly changed by imprisonment and poverty, he said, wherefore should I arrest thee? tell me good fellow: for my own part, I know no reason for it. O Sir (quoth he) I would to God I knew none neither. Then asking him what his name was, the poor man falling down on his knees, said, Good Mr. Winchcomb bear with me, and cast me not in prison, my name is Pert, and I do not deny but I owe you five hundred pound: yet for the love of God take pity upon me. When Mr. Winchcomb heard this, he wondred greatly at the man, and did much pity his misery, though as yet he made it not known, saying, Passion on my heart, man, thou wilt never pay me thus: never think by being a Porter to pay a five hundred pound debt. But this hath your Prodigality brought you to, your thriftless neglecting of your benefits, that set more by your pleasure then your profit. Then looking better upon him, he said, What never a shoe to thy foot, hose to thy leg, band to thy neck, cap to thy head? O Pert, that is strange; but wilt thou be an honest man, and give me a Bill of thy hand, for the money? Yes, Sir, with all my heart, quoth Pert. Then come to the Scriveners (quoth he) and dispatch it, and I will not trouble thee. Now when they were come thither, with a great many following them at their heels, Mr. Winchcomb said, Hearst thou Scrivener? this fellow must give me a Bill of his hand for five hundred pounds, I pray you make it as it should be. The Scrivener looking upon the poor man, and seeing him in that case, said to Mr. Winchcomb, Sir, you were better let it be a Bond, and have some sureties bound with him. Why, Scrivener, quoth he, dost thou think this is not a sufficient man of himself to pay five hundred pounds? Truly Sir, said the Scrivener, if you think so, you and I are of two minds. I tell thee what (quoth Mr. Winchcomb)

were



## of Jack of Newbery.

were it not that we are all mortal, I would take his Willord, as soon as Bill or Bond: the honesty of a man is all. And we in London (quoth the Scriveners) do trust Bonds far better then honesty. But, Sir, when must this money be paid? Harry, Scriveners, when this man is Sheriff of London. At that word the Scriveners, and the people standing by laughed heartily, saying, In truth Sir, make no more ado, but forgive him; as good do one as the other. Nay believe me (quoth he) not so: therefore do as I bid you. Whereupon the Scriveners made the Will to be paid when Randal Pert was Sheriff of London, and thereunto set his hand for a Witness, and twenty persons more that stood by, set to their hands likewise. Then he asked Pert what he would have for carrying his Trunk? Sir (quoth he) I should have three pence, but seeing I find you so kind I will take but two pence at this time. Thanks good Pert (quoth he) but for thy three pence there is three shillings, and look thou come to me to morrow morning betimes. The poor man did so, at which time Mr. Winchcomb had provided him out of Burchen-lane a fair suit of apparel, Merchant like, with a fair black Cloak, and all other things fit to the same: then he took him a shop in Can-week-street, and furnished the same with a thousand pounds worth of Cloth: by which means, and other labours that Mr. Winchcomb did him, he grew again into great credit, and in the end became so wealthy, that while Mr. Winchcomb lived, he was chosen Sheriff, at what time he paid five hundred pounds every penny, and after died an Alderman of the City.

### C H A P. X.

How Jack of Newbery's Servants were revenged of their Dames tatling companions.

**U**PON a time it came to pass, when Mr. Winchcomb was far from home, and his wife gone abroad, that Mistress many-better, Dame tittle-tattle, Gossip pint-pot, according to her old custome, came to Mrs. Winchcomb's house, perfectly knowing of the good man's absence, and little thinking the good Wife was from home, where knocking at the gate, Tweedle slept out, and ask't who was there? where hastily opening the Wicket, he suddenly discovered the full proportion of this foul beast, who demanded if their Mistress were within? What Mistress Frank (qd. he) in faith welcome: how have you done a great while? I pray you come in. Nay, I cannot stay, quoth she, Notwithstanding, I did call to speak a word or two with your Mistress; I pray you tell her that I am here. So I will (qd. he) so soon as she comes in.

Then

## The pleasant History

Then, said the woman, What is she abroad? Why, then farewell good Tweedle. Why what haste, what haste Mrs. Frank (quoth he) I pray you stay and drink ere you go: I hope a cup of new Sack will do your old belly no hurt. What (quoth she) have you new Sack already? Now by my honesty, I drunk none this year, and therefore I do not greatly care if I take a taste before I go: And with that she went into the Wine-celler with Tweedle, where first he set before her a piece of powdered Beef as green as a lack; and then going into the Kitchen, he brought her a piece of roasted Beef, hot from the spit. Now certain of the Maidens of the house, and some of the young men, who had long before determined to be revenged of this matting Housewife, came into the Celler one after another. one of them bringing a piece of Gammon of Bacon in his hand: and every one had Mrs. Frank welcome: and first one drank to her, and then another, and so the third, the fourth, and the fifth: so that Mrs. Franks brains were as mellow as a Pip-pin at Michaelmas, and so light, that sitting in the Celler she thought the World ran round. They seeing her to fall into merry humours, whetted her on in merriment as much as they could, saying, Mistress Frank, spare not I pray you, but think your self as welcome as any Woman in Newb-ry, for we have cause to love you, because you love our Mistress so well. Now I assure you, qd. she, (lisping in her speech, her tongue waring somewhat to big for her mouth) I love your Mistress well indeed, as if she were my own daughter. Nay, but here you, qd. they, she begins not to deal well with us now. No my Lambs. qd. she, why so? Because, quoth they, she looks to bar us of our allowance, telling our Master that he spends too much in house-keeping. Nay then, qd. she, your Mistress is an Ass, and a Fool; and though she go in her Hood, what care I? she is but a Girl to me; twittle twattle, I know what I know: Go to, drink to me. Well Tweedle, I drink to thee with all my heart: woe thou Whoreson, when wilt thou be married? O that I were a young Wench for thy sake: but 'tis no matter, though I be but a poor woman, I am a true woman. Hang dogs, I have dwelt in this Town these thirty Winters. Why then, quoth they, you have dwelt there longer then our Master? Your Master, quoth she? I knew your Master a Boy, when he was called Jack of Newbery, I Jack, I knew him called plain Jack: and your Mistress, and now she is rich, and I am poor, but 'tis no matter, I knew her a draggile-tail'd Girl, mark ye? But now, quoth they, she takes upon her lustily, and hath forgot what she was. Fush, what would you have of a green thing, quoth she?

Here.

## of Jack of Newbery.

Here I drink to you, so long as she goes where she list a Gossiping; and 'tis no matter, little said is soon amended: but here you, my Masters, though Mrs. *Winchcomb* go in her Hood, I am as good as she, I care not who tell it her. I spend not my Husbands money in Cherries and Codlings. Go to, go to, I know what I say well enough: I am sure I am not drunk. Mrs. *Winchcomb*, Mistris: No, *Nan Winchcomb*, I will call her Name plain *Nan*. What, I was a Woman when she was (Sir-reverence) a Paultry girl, though she goes now in her Hood and chain of Gold: What care I for her, I am her elder, and no more of her tricks; nay I warrant you I know what I say; 'tis no matter, laugh at me and spare not, I am not drunk I warrant. And with that being faineable to hold open her eyes, she began to nod and spill the Wine out of her Glass. Which they perceiving, let her alone, going out of the Teller till she was found asleep, and in the mean space they devised how to finish this piece of knavery. At last they consented to lay her forth at the backside of the house, half a mile off, even at the foot of a stile, that whosoever came next over might find her: notwithstanding, Tweedle laid hard by to see the end of this action. At last comes a notable Clown from Greenwich, taking his way to Newbery, who coming hastily over the stile, tumbled at the woman, and fell down clear over her: but in the ending starting up, and seeing it was a woman, cryed out, Alas alas! How now? what is the matter, quoth Tweedle? O, quoth he, here lies a dead Woman. A dead Woman, quoth Tweedle! that's not so I trow: and with that he tumbled her about. Bones of me, quoth Tweedle, 'tis a drunken woman, and one of the Town undoubted: surely it is great pity she should be here. Why do you know her, quoth the Clown? No not I, quoth Tweedle: nevertheless, I will give thee half a groat, and take her in thy Basket and carry her throughout the Town, and see if any body know her. Then said the other, Let me see thy money and I will: for by the Halls she earned not half a groat this great while. There it is, quoth Tweedle. Then the fellow put her in his basket, and so lifted her upon his back. Now by the Halls she stinks wisely of drink, or wine, or something: but tell me, what shall I say when I come into the Town, quoth he? First, quoth Tweedle, I would have thee to shout as ever thou canst, go to the Towns end, and with a lusty voice, to cry, O yes: and then say, Who knows this Woman, who? And though possible some will say I know her, and I know her, yet do not thou let her down till thou comest to the Market-Cross, and there use the like

## The pleasant History

words; and if any be so friendly to tell thee where she dwells, then just before her doo cry so again: and if thou perform this bravely, I will give thee half a groat more. Mr. Tweedle, quoth he, I know you will enough, you dwell with Mr. Winchcomb, do you not? Well, if I do it not, in the nick, give me never a penny: And so away he went till he came to the Towns end, and there he cries out as boldly as any Bailiffs man, O yes, Who knows this Woman, who? Then, said the drunken Woman in the Basket, her head falling first on one side, and then on the other side, Who co me, who? Then said he again, Who knows this Woman, who? Who co me, who (quoth she?) and look how oft he spake the one, she spake the other: saying still, Who co me, who co me, who? Whereat all the people in the street fell into such a laughing, that the tears ran down again. At last one made answer, saying, Good fellow, she dwells in the North-brook street a little beyond Mr. Winchcomb's. The fellow hearing that, goes down thither in all haste, and there in the hearing of a hundred people cries, Who knows this Woman, who? Whereat her husband comes out, saying, Harry that I do too well, God help me. Then said the Clown, if you know her, take her; for I know her not, but for a drunken beast: and as her husband took her out of the Basket, she gave him a sound box on the ear, saying, What you queans, do you mock me? and so was carried in. But the next day, when her brains were quiet and her head cleared of these foggy vapours, she was so ashamed of her self, that she went not forth of her doo's a long time after: and if any body did say unto her, Who co me, who? She would be so mad and furious, that she would be ready to draw her knife and to stick them and scold as if she strove for the best game at the Tucking-stool. Moreover, her prattling to Mrs. Winchcomb's folks of their Mistress made her on the other side to fall out with her, in such sort, that she troubled them no more, either with her company or her counsel.

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### C H A P. XI.

How one of *Fack of Newbery's* Maidens became a Lady.

**A**T the winning of Morleys in France, the noble Earl of Surrey, being at that time Lord High Admiral of England, made many Knights: among the rest was Sir George Rigley, Brother to Sir Edward Rigley, and sundry other, whose Valours far surpassed their Wealth: so that when peace bred a scarcity in their Purse, and that their credits grew weak in the City, they were enforced to ride into the

## of Jack of Newbery.

the Countrey, where at their friends houses they might have favourable welcome, without Coin or grudging. Among the rest, Jack of Newbery, that kept a Table for all commers, was never lightly without any such guests: where they were sure to have both welcome and good cheer, and their mirth no less pleasing than their meat was plenty. Sir George having lien long at Word in this brave Peomans house, at length fell in liking of one of his maidens, who was as fair as she was fond. This lusty wench he so allured with hope of marriage, that at length she yielded him her Love, and therewithall bent her whole study to work his content: but in the end she so much contented him, that it wrought altogether her own discontent: to become high, she laid her self so low, that the Knight suddenly fell ober her, which fall became the rising of her belly: but when this wanton perceived her self to be with child, she made her moan unto the Knight, saying: Ah Sir George, now is the time to perform your promise, or to make me a spectacle of infamy to the whole world for ever; in the one, you shall discharge the duty of a true Knight, but in the other, shew your self a most perjured person: Small honour will it be to boast in the spoil of poor Maidens, whose innocency all good Knights ought to defend. Why, thou lend paultry thing (quoth he) comest thou to farther thy wastard upon me? Away ye dunghill carrion, away: heat you good huswife, get you among your companions, and lay your litter where you list; but if you trouble me any more, trust me thou shalt dearly abide it: and so bending his brows like the angry god of War, he went his ways, leaving the child-breding wench to the hazard of her fortune, either good or bad. This poor Maiden seeing her self for her kindness thus cast off, shed many tears of sorrow for her sin, inveighing with many bitter groans against the unconstancy of love-alluring men. And in the end, when she saw no other remedy, she made her case known unto her Mistres: who after she had given her many checks and taunts, threatening to turn her out of doors, opened the matter to her husband. So soon as he heard thereof, he made no more ado, but presently posted to London after Sir George, and found him at my Lord Admirals. What Mr. Winchcomb, quoth he, you are heartily welcome to London, and thank you for my good cheer: I pray you how doth your good wife, and all our friends in Barkshire? All well and merry, I thank you good Sir George, quoth he: I left them in health, and hope they do so continue. And trust me Sir, quoth he, having earnest occasion to come up to talk with a bad debtor, in my journey it was my chance to

light

## The pleasant History

light in company of a gallant widow: a Gentlewoman she is of wondrous good wealth, whom gristly death bereft of a kind husband, making her a widow ere she had been half a year a wife: her Land, Sir George, is as well worth a hundred pound a year as one penny, being as fair and comely a creature as any of her degree in our whole Country. Now sir, this is the worst; by the reason she doubts her self to be with Child, she hath bowed not to marry these twelve months: but because I wish you well, and the Gentlewoman no hurt, I came of purpose from my business to tell you thereof: Now Sir George, if you think her a fit Wife for you, ride to her, woo her, win her, and wed her. I thank you good Mr. Winchcomb, quoth he, for your favour ever towards me, and gladly would I see this young Widow, if I wist where. She dwells not half a mile from my house, quoth Master Winchcomb, and I can sayd for her at any time, if you please.

Sir George hearing this, thought it was not best to come there, fearing some would father a Child upon him, and therefore said, he had no leisure to come from my Lord: but, quoth he, would I might see her in London, on the condition it cost me twenty Nobles. Tush, Sir George, (quoth Mr. Winchcomb) delay in Love is dangerous, and he that will woo a Widow must take Time by the forelock, and suffer none other to step before him, lest he leap without the Widows love. Nevertheless, seeing now I have told you of it, I will take my Gelding and get me home, if I hear of her coming to London, I will send you word, or perhaps come my self: till when adieu good Sir George. Thus parted Mr. Winchcomb from the Knight: and being come home, in short time he got a faire Taffety Gown, and a French Hood for his Maid, saying, Come ye Drab, I must be faine to cover a foul Fault with a faire Garment, yet all will not hide your great Bely: but if I find means to make you a Lady, what will you say then? O Master (quoth she!) I shall be bound while I live to pray for you. Come then anon (quoth her Mistris) and put you on this Gown and French Hood, for seeing you have lied with a Knight, you must needs be a Gentlewoman. The Maid did so, and being thus attired, she was set on a faire Gelding, and a couple of men sent with her up to London: and being well instructed by her Master and Dame what she should do, she took her Journey to the City in the Term-time, and lodged at the Bell in the Strand: and Mistris Loveless must be her Name, for so her Master had warned her to call her self, neither did the men that waited on her, know the contrary, for Mr. Winchcomb

had



## of Jack of Newbery.

had borrowed them of their Master, to wait upon a friend of his to London, who could not spare any of his own servants: at that time, notwithstanding they were appointed for the Gentlewoman's credit, to say they were her own men. This being done, Mr. Winchcomb sent Sir George a Letter, that the Gentlewoman which he told him of, was now in London, lying at the Bell in the Strand, having great business at the Term. With which news Sir George's heart was on fire till such time as he might speak with her: three or four times went he thither, and still she would not be spoken withall: the which close keeping of her self, made him the more earnest in his suit. At length he watcht her so narrowly, that finding her going forth in an evening, he followed her, she having one man before, and another behind, carrying a very stately gate in the street, it gave him to the greater liking of her being the more urged to utter his mind. And suddenly stepping before her, he thus sauted her: Gentlewoman, God save you; I have often been at your Lodging, and could never find you at leisure. Why Sir, quoth she, (counterfeiting her natural speech) have you any business with me? Yes fair Widow, quoth he, as you are a Client to the Law, so am I a Sutor for your Love: and may I find you so favourable to let me plead my own Cause at the Bar of your Beauty, I doubt not but to unfold to true a Tale, as I trust will cause you to give sentence on my side. You are a merry Gentleman, quoth she: but for my own part I know you not; nevertheless, in case of Love, I will be no let to your Suit, though perhaps I help you a little therein. And therefore Sir, if it please you to give attendance at my lodging upon my return from the Temple, you shall know more of my mind, and so they parted. Sir George receiving hereby some hope of good hap, stayed for his dear at her lodging door: whom at her coming home she friendly greeted, saying, Surely (Sir) your diligence is more then the profit you shall get thereby: but I pray you how shall I call your name? George Rigley (quoth he) I am called, and for some small deserts I was Knighted in France. Why then, Sir George (quoth she) I have done you too much wrong to make you thus dance attendance on my worthless person. But let me be so bold to request you to tell me, how you came to know me: for my own part, I cannot remember that ever I saw you before. Mistress Loveless (said Sir George) I am well acquainted with a good neighbour of yours, called Master Winchcomb, who is my very good friend, and to say the truth, you were commended unto me by him. Truly  
Sir

## The pleasant History

Sir George, said she, you are so much the better welcome: Nevertheless, I have made a vow not to love any man for this twelve months space. And therefore Sir, till then I would wish you to trouble your self no further in this matter, till that time be expired; and then if I find you be not intangled to any other, and that by trial I find out the truth of your love, for Master Winchcomb's sake, your welcome shall be as good as any other Gentlemans whatsoever.

Sir George having received this answer, was wondrous too, cursing the day that ever he meddled with Jone, whose time of deliberance would come long before a twelve-month were expired, to his utter shame, and overthrow of his good fortune: for by that means should he have Mr. Winchcomb his enemy, and therewithall the loss of this fair Gentlewoman. Wherefore, to prevent this mischief, he sent a Letter in all haste to Mr. Winchcomb, requesting him most earnestly to come up to London, by whose perswasion he hoped straight to finish the marriage. Mr. Winchcomb fulfilled his request: and then presently was the marriage solemnized in the Tower of London, in presence of many Gentlemen of Sir George's friends. But when he found it was Jone whom he had gotten with child, he fretted and fumed, stamp't and star'd like a Devil. Why (quoth Mr. Winchcomb) what needs all this? Came you to my Table to make my maid your Strumpet? had you no mans house to dishonour but mine? Sir, I would you should well know, that I account the poorest wench in my house too good to be your Whore, were you ten Knights: and seeing you took pleasure in making her your wanton take it no scorn to make her your wife: and use her well too, or you shall hear of it. And hold thee Jone (quoth he) there is a hundred pounds for thee: and let him not say that thou comest to him a beggar. Sir George seeing this, and withall culling in his mind what a friend Mr. Winchcomb might be to him, taking his wife by the hand, gave her a loving kiss, and Mr. Winchcomb great thanks. Whereupon he willed him for two years space to take his diet and his Ladies at his house: which the Knight accepting, rode strait with his wife to Newbery. Then did the Mistres make courtesie to the Maid, saying, You are welcome, Madam; giving her the upper hand in all places. And thus they lived afterward in great joy: and our King, hearing how Jack had matcht Sir George, laughing heartily thereat, gave him a Living for ever, the better to maintain the Lady his Wife.

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